THE
RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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Cesare in The New York *Evening Post*

There is a might transcends all pain,
Divine with light builds life again,
Removes the dye of bloody loam,
Re-paints the sky, revives the home!

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The RED CROSS MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1917

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE

TO-DAY, while the grim evidences of war surround us on every side, and while our sturdy young manhood is taking up the burden for the cause of humanity, it is not hard for us to realize the great work that lies before the Red Cross. Indeed it is only too easy to picture the alleviation of suffering on the battlefields and in the hospitals. But should we not pause a moment to look into the future? Should we not try to fold back the dark curtains and see what a task lies before us, when once the war will have ceased?

The answer is obvious, patent. We have already experienced, in years of peace, the vigorous battle against tuberculosis. Each year the disease proves as disastrous to mankind as the bloodiest of wars, and it attacks the helpless women and children as unscrupulously as the most ruthless barbarians. The Red Cross has been fighting this foe for years, and the struggle will continue.

And each year brings its own, unexpected disasters. Lately, a great conflagration almost destroyed Atlanta, a great race riot laid waste an Illinois town, and several cities of the West were completely wiped out by tornadoes, and each time the Red Cross was ready to aid the stricken people in many ways. Almost every year the great Mississippi overflows its banks, with a loss of life and property too appalling for words. Forest fires take their deadly toll, mine disasters are frequent, and there are countless other calamities constantly befalling us which must be met and relieved. In the mountains of the South and West, and in the thriving industrial cities of the East, with their large alien population, there is always work to be done; there are the sick to be taken care of; the poor to be ministered to; mothers who must be taught the proper method of caring for the babies, if we are to have a robust generation to succeed us when we shall have gone. And, finally, there are legions of men, women, and children who must be taught the first rules of hygiene and self-preservation.

All this work may not seem as full of glory as that done on the battlefields amid the screaming of the shells, but nevertheless it must be equally precious in the sight of Him who made us all.

Such work as this the Red Cross has been doing quietly and faithfully for a long time. And if we add to these burdens at home the task of reconstructing the devastated nations of Armenia, Belgium, Poland, Rumania, and the northern provinces of France, the task of identifying our dead, and finally the task of caring for and finding suitable homes for the little children made orphans by a cruel war, we can see indeed the gigantic humanitarian undertaking that lies before the Red Cross Society.

Surely, then, you won't fail the Red Cross in its hour of need? May we not rely on you, when the noise of battle is over and the dramatic tension of these stirring days shall have passed, to lend your support to this truly great charity so that the work may go on from year to year ever waxing stronger and stronger?

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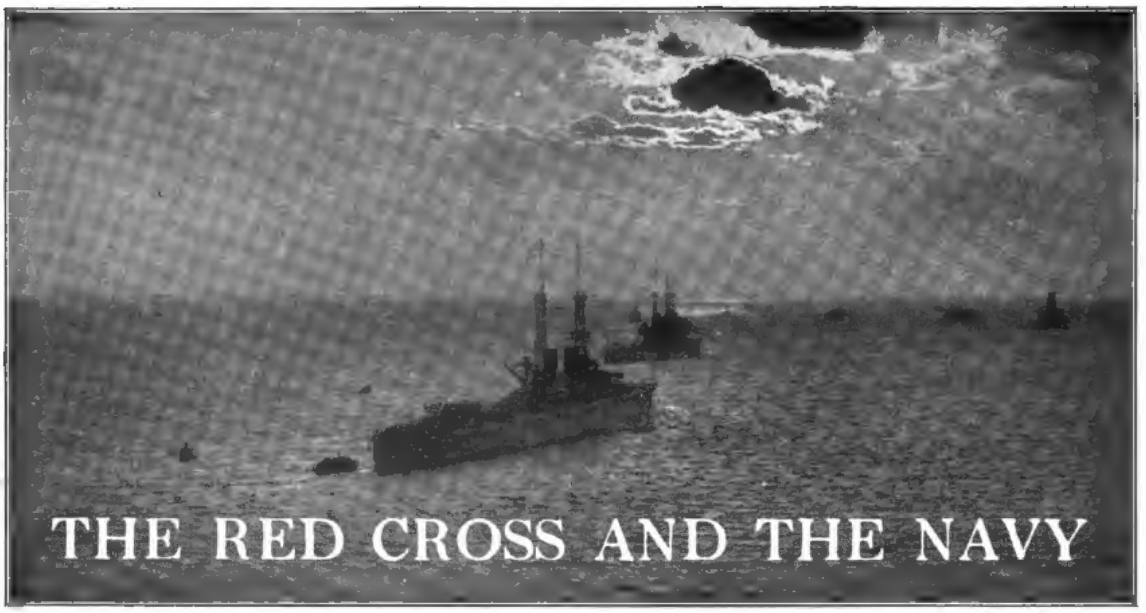

THE RED CROSS AND THE NAVY

Photograph from *Sea Power*

BY

GEORGE W. GRAY

WHAT factors enter into Red Cross naval preparedness? What sort of services may the Red Cross render the Navy? What has it done for the Navy thus far in the War?

I asked these questions of Medical Inspector T. W. Richards, U. S. Navy, Assistant Director-General of the Red Cross Department of Military Relief. His duty it is to keep the Navy informed how the Red Cross is prepared to serve it, to communicate to the Red Cross the requirements and probable needs of the Navy, and in general to be the technical Navy man at Red Cross headquarters in Washington.

"First of all," said Dr. Richards, "let's get clearly understood the relation of the Red Cross to the Navy. I find a general haziness in the mind of the average citizen as to the connection which exists between the Red Cross and the medical departments of the Army and Navy.

"The Navy has its own medical department, administered by Surgeon General William C. Braisted, and in time of peace it maintains a large sanitary personnel, including the Medical Corps, Dental Corps, Nurse Corps, and Hospital Corps. It also operates one of the largest and finest hospital establishments in the world, with dispensaries—really small hospitals—at all of our Naval Stations, including Guantánamo, Cuba; Yokohama, Japan; Guam; and several localities in the Philippines.

"But that was only a beginning. Under war conditions ten new hospitals have been built; existing institutions have been expanded, two-, three-, or four-fold, so that afloat and ashore, the Navy has about 20,000 beds available for its sick and injured. A new hospital ship, by all means the finest ever designed, is now building; commercial ships have been "converted" for immediate use; and the sanitary personnel has been enormously increased. Finally, immense quantities of medical supplies have been accumulated or contracted for.

"Again the Red Cross occupies a most important rôle as a recruiting agent in organizing the personnel of various hospital 'units.' In this field the Red Cross has been extraordinarily successful, as events have shown. Since all the members of these units (doctors, nurses, and enlisted men) enroll in the naval reserve force, their amalgamation and ab-

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sorption by the Medical Department of the Navy is simple and complete. No administrative difficulties arise under war conditions.

"It will be seen, therefore, that Red Cross control over these units covers only their preliminary organization and ceases when they become part and parcel of the Navy itself. The question frequently arises whether the Red Cross is expected to maintain base hospitals after they are assigned to active duty. In answer to this I may say that the Red Cross maintains a brotherly interest in all military hospitals to the extent of helping to meet emergencies, but the commanding officer of a base hospital organized by the Red Cross will make his requisition for regular supplies upon the Navy Medical Department as the hospitals now in commission are doing.

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TRANSFERRING AN INVALIDED SAILOR

The Allies have transformed many former transatlantic passenger steamers into hospital ships to supply the great demand for such ships

"Within the past few months the Red Cross has organized for service with the Navy five base hospital units, six naval station hospital units, thirty-five navy detachments of nurses, and a large number of emergency detachments available for either the Navy or the Army.

"The base hospital units at present are organized on the basis of 250 beds each, and have a personnel of about 170 each, including ten medical officers, one dental officer, forty nurses, twenty reserve nurses, and one hundred enlisted men—electricians, machinists, carpenters, cooks, clerks, and so on. (It should be understood, however, that each of these units could readily be expanded to double or treble its present capacity). Thus in these five units the Red Cross has contributed a total of more than 800 persons to the Navy's reserve. Providence, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Los Angeles have furnished the personnel of the five base hospitals thus far organized.

"A naval base hospital, like an army base hospital, is placed where it will best serve the needs of the armed forces in action, but obviously the naval units are subject to more limitations than the army units. A naval battle may occur far out at sea, whereas the base hospital must be kept on shore. It may be on foreign soil or at home. The Navy has its hospital ship, *Solace*, and plans have been perfected for converting commercial ships for use as floating hospitals; but these vessels are essentially carriers of the wounded from the battleships back to the base hospitals whence the wounded may later be transferred to the regular naval hospitals such as we have dotting the seacoast of the United States.

"The naval station hospital units, of which the Red Cross has organized six in response to a recent call of the Surgeon General, are intended to supply the personnel for a number of new hospitals which the Navy Department is erecting at various naval stations. Some of these units may be assigned to duty on hospital ships. Each unit includes five medical officers, twenty nurses, and twenty-nine enlisted men. Not only big centres of population—Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Columbus,—but also smaller cities, Montclair, N. J., and Austin, Texas, have answered the call of the Red Cross by

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THE MIGHT OF THE NAVY

The Red Cross, similar to its work in the Army, is organizing hospital units for the Navy to be attached to our fighting forces on the water

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"SICK BAY" ABOARD A BATTLESHIP

Space on a battleship is necessarily restricted but each vessel has a hospital where the sick are treated until recovery or removal to a hospital ship

organizing these naval station hospital units. Four additional units have been authorized and will in all probability be organized this fall."

Recently the call came to provide each vessel in the Navy with a box of reserve surgical dressings. The Medical Department offered to furnish the materials, the Red Cross chapters were to make and roll the thousands of compresses and bandages, and pack them in separate cases for each ship. This order was at once communicated to a group of the largest chapters, and already the work has been completed. In making the assignment of ships the Red Cross Supply Service tried to observe the geographical unities, asking the Chicago Chapter, for example, to make dressings for the *Illinois*, the *Michigan*, the *Minnesota*, the *Wisconsin*, whereas the Boston Chapter was asked to work for the *Maine*, the *New Hampshire*, the *Vermont*, the *Connecticut*, and the *Rhode Island*.

The Red Cross has representatives on duty at several of the large naval stations, and through these agents it is in a position to respond promptly if a need develops; the representative telegraphs to Washington; and the Red Cross organization of voluntary workers never fails to measure up to the demand, no matter how great the emergency.

Thus, in every phase of its main activities, the Red Cross is serving the Navy. In its medical service, in its nursing, sanitation, and supply service, the Red Cross is making available for the Navy trained reserves of men and women, and carefully prepared supplies of materials. Its relation to the Navy is not so frequently talked about as its relation to the Army, perhaps. And obviously so, for the Army is the larger branch of the service with needs more numerous and naturally more emphasized. But the Red Cross is consistently fulfilling its rôle to the Navy. That rôle is "to act as a second line of defense in the work of medical preparedness; to back up the Medical Department in certain particulars; and to provide for unexpected contingencies which might develop during the progress of a great war."

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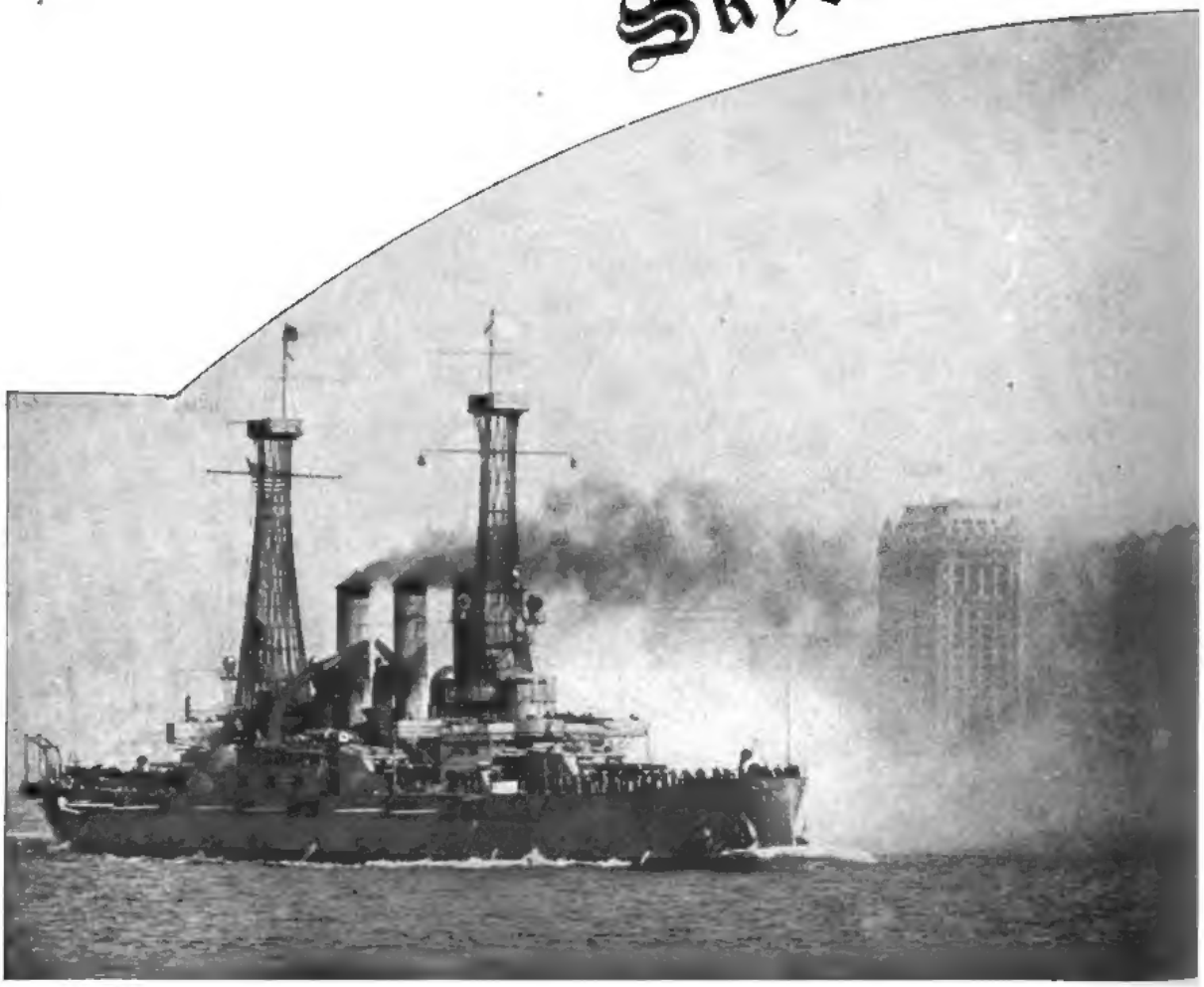
Skylines and



A sense of magnitude besets a man
When he perceives the wealth there is to guard
And what to guard it with; how men have spread
Their marble monuments beside the sea
And launched an archipelago of steel
To wreck unwelcome visitors upon.
The one is large, immense in its design,

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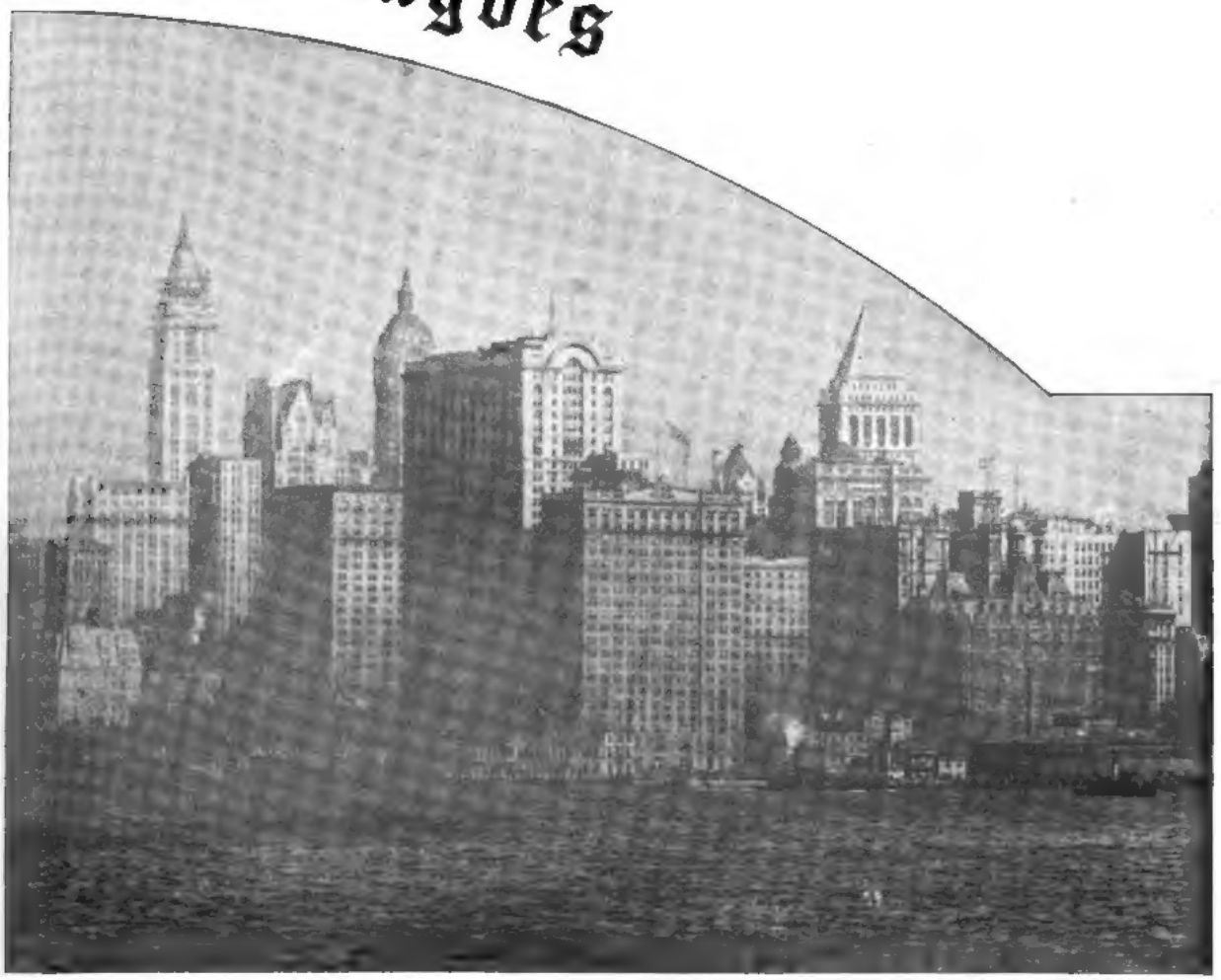
Archipelagoes



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Inspired by great desires to be alive;
The other but an incident though noble,
And wrought from urgent hopes to keep alive.
A sense of magnitude besets a man
When he perceives the lust to build a home,
And all-triumphant will to make it stable!

—J. Keith Torbert

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A RED CROSS "PLATTSBURG"

The U. S. Army Ambulance Corps' Camp at Allentown, Pa., the First of its Kind, and One of the Most Capable Bodies of Men Trained for Foreign Service

BY

MAJOR FRANCIS METCALFE, M. R. D.

THE wonderfully enlightening visit of Joffre and his suite, bringing with them the very atmosphere of the struggle in which they had all played such conspicuous parts, enabled them to tell us from their own experience of the needs of their compatriots. And among the greatest of those needs was ambulances and the personnel to man them. They wanted a corps of men to serve with the French Army and knowing the exact conditions under which the work would have to be done they asked for just the equipment which they had found most satisfactory. Then and there the Medical Department of the United States Army demonstrated its flexibility and adaptability; traditions were disregarded and prejudices forgotten and our visitors received the promise that they would get at least what they requested, which was not at all like the equipment and organization designed for service with our own troops. The whole basis of the structure was to be a light ambulance body mounted upon a Ford chassis; they asked for it specifically and neither tradition nor prejudice was permitted to stand in the way.

The scheme of organization of the proposed corps was based upon that in use in the French Army, differing markedly from the Ambulance Companies provided for in our own Tables of Organization. On May 3rd the first tentative plan was formulated, providing for one hundred Ambulance Sections. Under this plan each section was to be equipped with twenty Ford Ambulances, one two-ton truck, one three-quarter ton truck, one touring car, and one motorcycle with side-car. Immediately the first difficulty was encountered; there was no such thing as a "Ford Ambulance." Many people had designed bodies according to their own particular ideas which had been fitted to the Ford chassis; but there was no uniformity and that, in a wholesale order where standardization was essential, was imperative. Many designs were suggested and on a day within two weeks eight different types of ambulance bodies were gathered in front of the War Department in Washington for consideration by the Ambulance Board. One of them had been built in New York under the personal supervision of Mr. James Boyd, of the American Red Cross, and Mr. Herbert Townsend, who had served for two years as a volunteer in the American Ambulance in France. It was virtually a duplicate of the

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STRETCHER DRILL

"Rookies" learning the proper way to transport the wounded

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car in use there. That design, after careful consideration by the Board, was decided upon, a few improvements being made and every valuable detail of the other cars incorporated. The Ford Motor Company agreed to furnish two thousand cars complete within eight weeks at the actual cost of production, the unsuccessful designers generously permitting the use of all of their patented parts without payment of royalty.

So much for the equipment which has remained unchanged for the individual sections; but while the Ambulance Board was debating, another department was working on the scheme for the organization of the personnel which was to use it. Here it was unnecessary to shatter traditions and there was no prejudice to overcome; for in the Medical Department the word "ambulance" is synonymous with Percy Jones, and that officer, then a Major, was summoned from his station at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. By a stroke of rare good fortune, Major Elbert E. Persons, recalled from Panama to take over an important command abroad, missed his steamship connection in New York and was immediately called by the Washington authorities and ordered to organize and command "The United States Army Ambulance Corps," created on paper by a simple General Order of the War Department.

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LT COL. ELBERT E. PERSONS, M C.
Commanding the United States Army Ambulance Corps

Under the original tentative plan the organization was to consist of one hundred sections of thirty-six enlisted men under the command of twenty-two commissioned officers; but that was speedily modified and a first lieutenant promised for each section; a promise which it was found difficult to keep, for it was necessary that each officer should be a qualified medical man and doctors were not responding to the country's call as rapidly as had been expected. For the enlisted strength, on the other hand, there was an embarrassment of riches; because the nature of the service, perhaps the romance of working with the French Army, and, above all, the promise of early activity, attracted the most desirable class of recruits from all sections of the country. From Maine to California, from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande, came appeals for acceptance. Red Cross Ambulance Companies already organized under the old system, several of them equipped and uniformed, eagerly volunteered and no less than thirty-nine universities, North, South, East, and West, organized from one to three complete sections each. In fact, more than 70 per cent. of the men accepted were college men.

The temporary headquarters of the new Corps was established in Philadelphia and while the men, enlisted in the Medical Reserve, chafed at the delay in being called to active service the Commanding Officer traveled many weary miles in the search of a concentration point where they could be gathered. Tentage was unprocurable, so it was necessary to select a place with large available buildings and an abundant water supply. The choice was necessarily limited; the need for decision immediate. After inspecting many sites the Fair Grounds at Allentown, Pa., were selected, and as soon as the legal formalities were settled a detachment of men under Lieutenant Lockwood took possession.

From that day things moved rapidly; it was compulsory in order to keep ahead of the recruits pouring in from all parts of the country. The buildings were admirably adapted for the exhibition of sheep, hogs, cattle, horses, and other stock and their condition testified that they had been devoted to that purpose for years; their attractions as barracks for soldiers, however, were doubtful. Officers were scarce and with few exceptions

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PREPARING "MESS"

More than a thousand loaves of bread are consumed at a single meal at the encampment

those who were available had little or no previous military experience. Looking back on it none of us who arrived in those early June days can tell just how it was done; but no matter how great the pressure, the incoming soldiers, arriving at all hours of the day and night and often without previous notice, were cared for, not always luxuriously, but always adequately. No man went hungry, none slept without shelter and all hands, from the Commanding Officer to the latest "rookie," worked overtime to keep the accommodations just a step in advance of the inrushing tide of recruits.

Under the energetic direction of the Sanitary Officer, Major Richard Slee, every precaution to safeguard the health of the rapidly growing command was taken and the newly joined recruits were hardly given time to get their camp bearings before they were lined up for the first typhoid inoculation. Every building was thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, paint and whitewash were liberally used, shower baths installed, and facilities for washing clothes provided. Stalls where Dan Patch and other turf celebrities had been stabled, pens in which sleek Herefords, fat Berkshires, and broadbacked South-

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BARRACKS IN A GRANDSTAND

At Allentown, Pa , the recruits for the Ambulance Corps undergo a period of training similar to that which applicants for commissions in the regular army undergo at Plattsburg or other camps

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downs had been exhibited, were cleaned, brightened and floored, and, finally, when the immense buildings were filled to the point of sanitary safety, the seats in the great grandstand were removed and the overflow accommodated on the rising tiers—the most desirable barracks on the grounds, by the way.

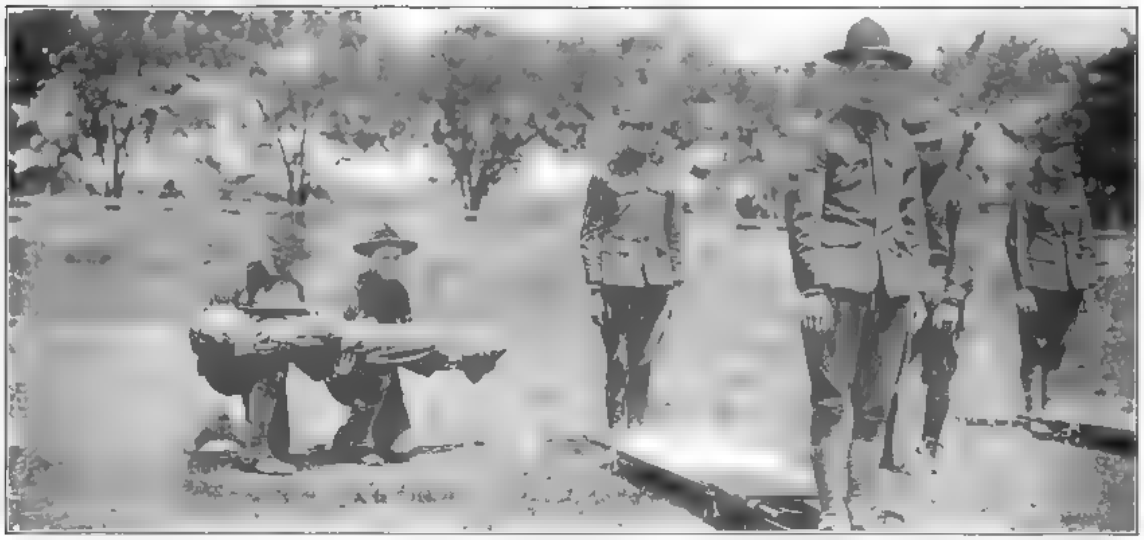
THE MAIN PURPOSE

But, in spite of the herculean task of transforming a Fair Grounds into a sanitary and useful training camp, the main purpose for which the task was undertaken was never for a moment overlooked, and that purpose was to transform a mob of willing but totally untrained men into an efficient military unit in the shortest possible time. It was a newly born organization; but from the day of its inception its record has been one of uninterrupted achievement.

The result of all that combined effort speaks for itself. The original conception of the Corps has been changed and it is now ordered that it shall consist of one hundred and sixty sections, each of forty-five enlisted men and each section commanded by a first lieutenant, five sections, termed a battalion, under a Captain, and five battalions under a Major. Colonel Jefferson Kean was assigned by the War Department to command the enlarged organization and after a hasty visit to the Camp proceeded to Europe where he will make his headquarters at the French War Office so long as the Corps continues to serve with the French Army. Forty sections will be organized from the volunteer ambulance men already serving abroad in the Red Cross Field Ambulance and incorporated with the hundred and twenty which are under training at Allentown.

In the rapid development of our new army large figures have ceased to be impressive but perhaps a few details of what has been accomplished at Allentown may be instructive. First, consider the fact that the Medical Department of the United States Army, to-day, is larger than the entire Regular Army of a year ago! Then remember that the first tentative plan for the United States Army Ambulance Corps was put on paper on May 3d and at the moment of writing, three months later, its camp contains about forty-five hundred men, trained, equipped, and ready to embark for France the minute the word is received from Washington that the transports are available. Not an undisciplined mob; but a trained force of soldiers, able and willing to render valuable service to our allies and to ask of them nothing in the way of food or equipment—only the opportunity to serve.

Forty-five hundred men! To-day we are thinking in hundreds of thousands and that number may not seem impressive; but a few concrete details may convey a clearer idea to the civilian mind of what it means in a military



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AN INSPECTION

Thirty-nine universities have contributed quotas of men for ambulance work

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THE LARGEST "MESS" IN THE HISTORY OF THE ARMY

Officers and men of the United States Army Ambulance Corps at mess in the concentration camp at Allentown

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camp. Take, for instance, the mess; the largest single mess, by the way, in the history of the United States Army. The entire command, officers and men, eat in the mess room beneath the grandstand, the food being prepared by their own cooks in the kitchens at either end. Two sittings are required and that the food is ample is proved by the fine physical condition of the Command. To the housewife, at least, the following list of supplies required for a single meal, will be convincing that the duties of the Mess Officer, are not light ones.

Beef	5 steers
Potatoes	10 barrels
Bread	1,000 loaves
Butter	340 pounds
Corn	19,200 ounces (40 cases)
Peas	19,200 ounces (40 cases)
Beans	50 cases
Cabbage	1¼ tons
Eggs	10,000
Milk	300 gals.
Oranges	4,500

Those are the staples; but cereals, army coffee, syrup, and other items dear to the palate of the American soldier are often added and with appetites whetted by their intensive training the ambulance men sweep the tables clean. Three hundred enlisted men are detailed from the different sections as cooks and mess attendants and the fires in the great ranges are kept going day and night.

THE CAMP—A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

It has been the writer's privilege to observe the personnel and equipment of many foreign armies and to serve actively under two flags besides our own, which experience affords a fair standard of comparison. As a result of that observation and experience—even after deducting the natural prejudice fostered by *esprit de corps*—he ventures the assertion that never has a finer body of men than that comprising the enlisted strength of the United States Army Ambulance Corps been rallied under any colors. It is not entirely easy for a lot of untrained officers, pitchforked into the army from the ease and independence of civil life, to have their days regulated by imperative bugle calls and their acts subject to the orders of superior military authority. But no one of them who saw the first thousand of the force, which had grown before his eyes, drawn up for the final inspection of the Commanding Officer before being reported "Ready for Foreign Service" begrudged the early rising, the strenuous hours of work in the broiling sun, the long tramps along country roads.

Ready to the last button, with the trucks and ambulances they were to use parked as a background, the long ranks of khaki clad men answered in part, at least, the question of "What can America do in the War?" And in those ranks were men who had volunteered from all walks of civil life, many of them at the cost of great financial sacrifice, to become "buck privates" in the service of Uncle Sam. Architects, lawyers, civil engineers, men who had developed or managed large businesses, stood elbow to elbow with skilled mechanics from the factories, brawny youngsters whose hands had been taken from the plough handles to grasp those of litters, and many sons of "the idle rich" who had willingly deserted their own luxurious private automobiles to drive a "Flivver" in the great work of mercy behind the first line trenches which the French Army has held tenaciously for three weary years. A fine, upstanding lot, typically American in build and bearing, their faces bronzed by the hot July sun, their muscles hardened by long marches, hard drilling, and the setting-up exercises, they were certainly fit for service. And, best of all, the natural disappointment of their comrades—officers and men—who had not been lucky enough to be selected for the first draft was tinctured by the proud consciousness that the remainder of the Command was equally ready and equally fit.

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SEA-FIGHTERS

by

HENRY-REUTERDAHL
LIEUTENANT-U-S-N-R-F-

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THE BRIDGE
Whence the Admiral directs the movements of the fleet

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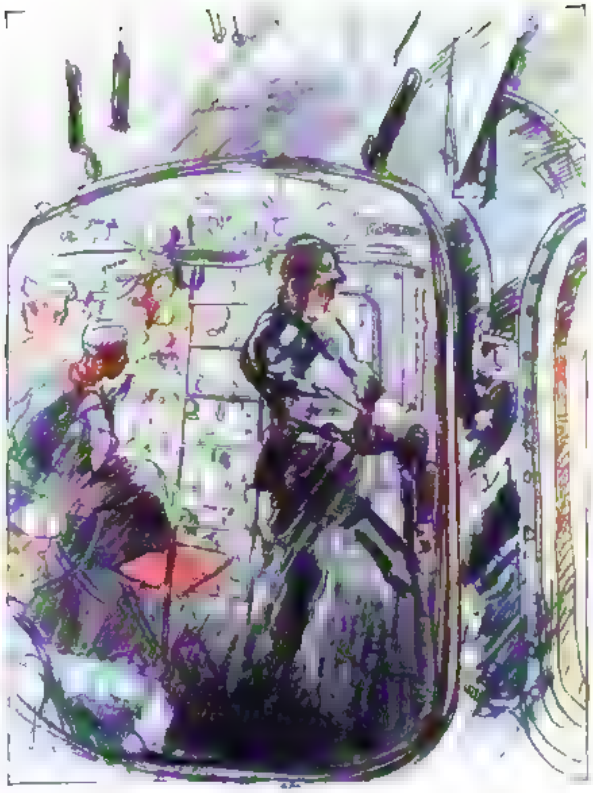

THE HEART OF THE SUBMARINE

'FRITZ'

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NAVY BUILDERS

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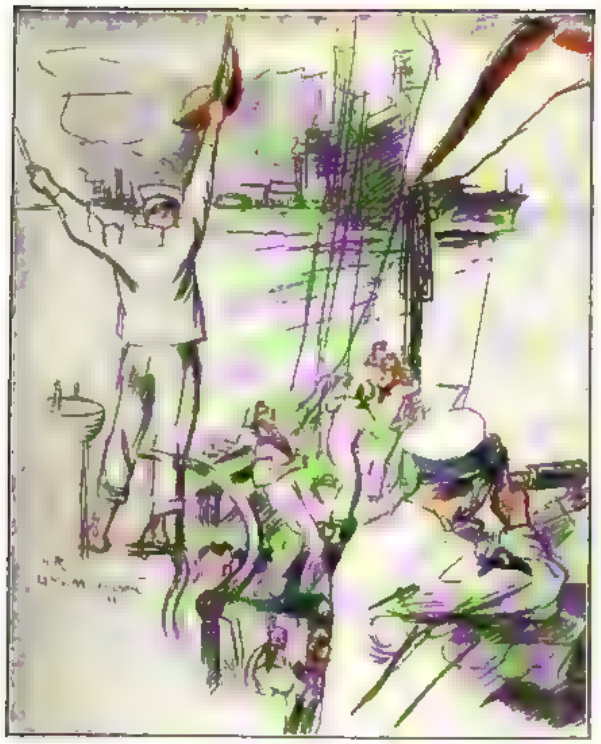
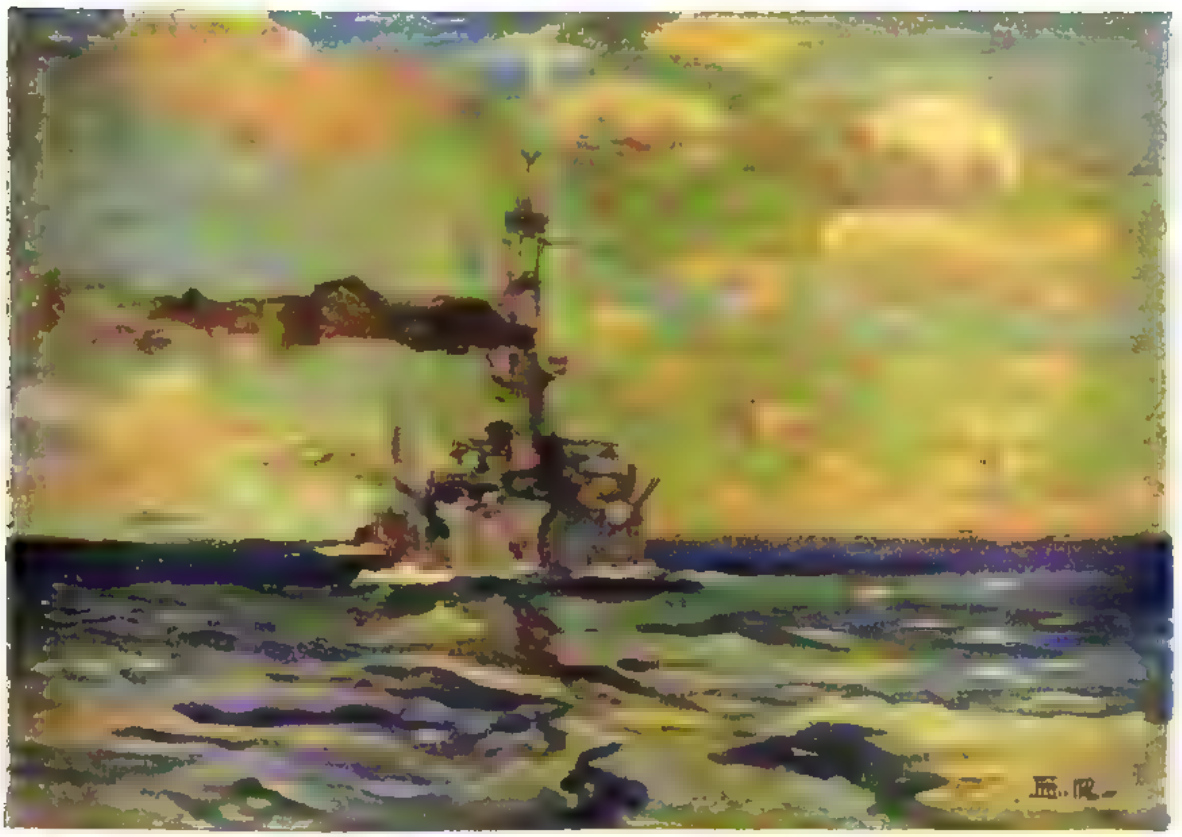


SIGNALS!



WATCHDOGS OF THE SEA

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HEAD SEAS
The Atlantic Fleet laboring in heavy weather

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THE FLEET AT VERA CRUZ
During its occupation by United States forces in 1914

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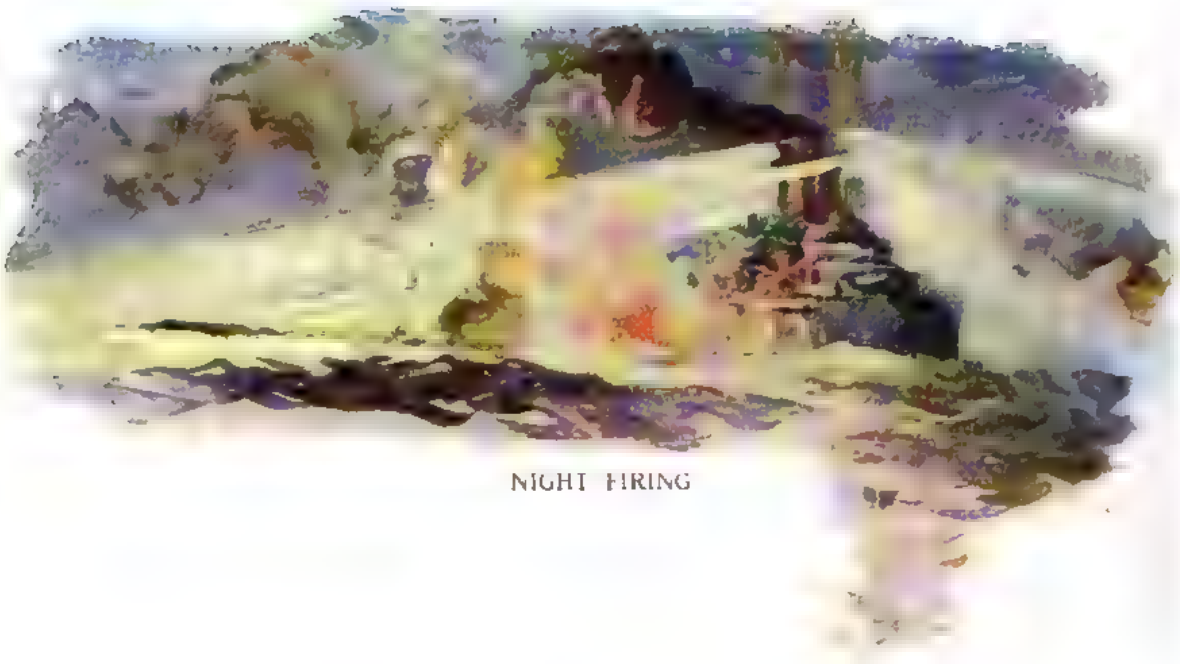

NIGHT FIRING

CHANGING THE TARGETS

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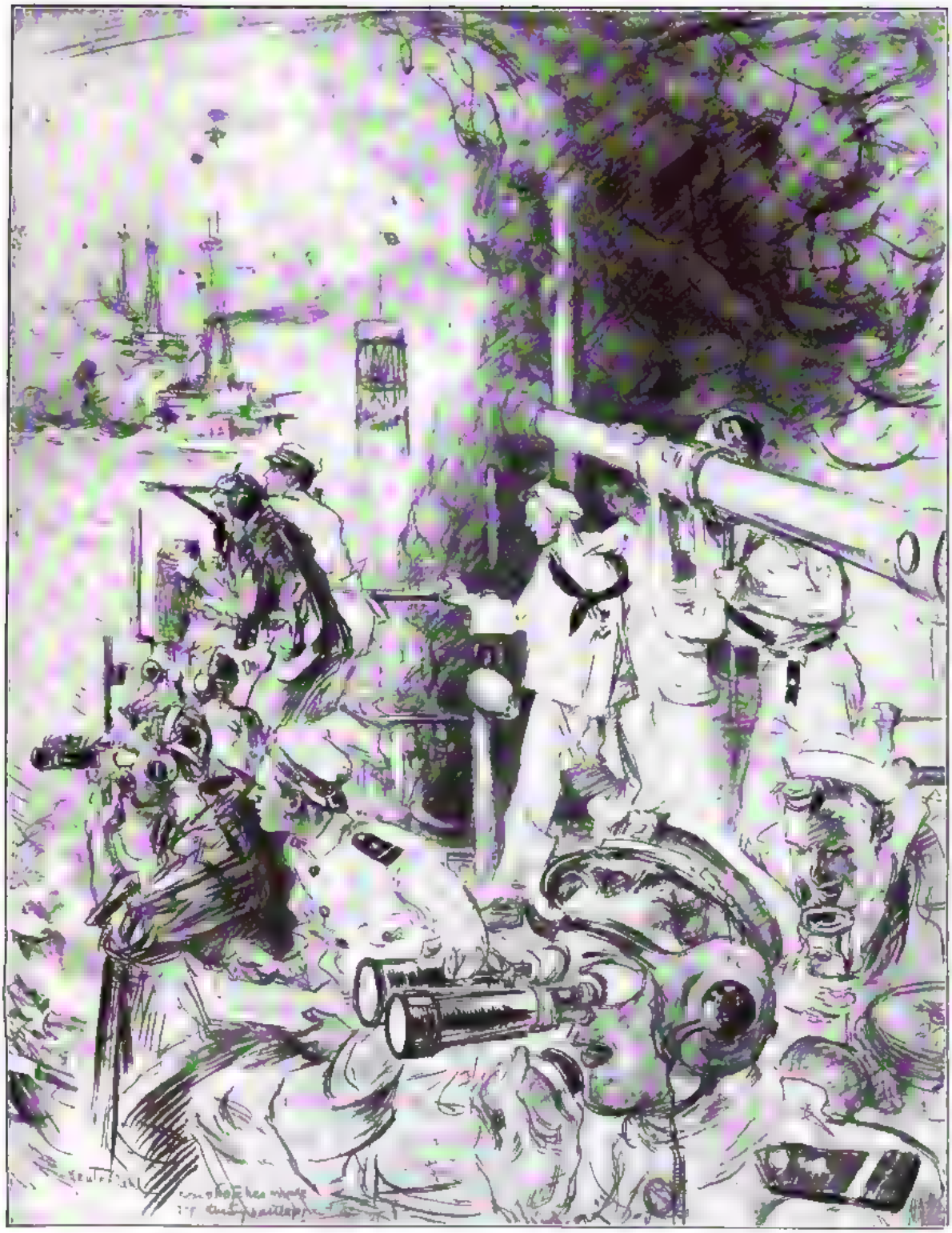

THE CONTROL TOP WHENCE THE FIRE OF THE GUNS IS DIRECTED

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"OUR HAPPY HOME"

SHORE LEAVE

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BEACHCOMBERS, NAPLES

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U. S. S. "UTAH"

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INNOCENTS ABROAD!

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SUNSET AT SEA

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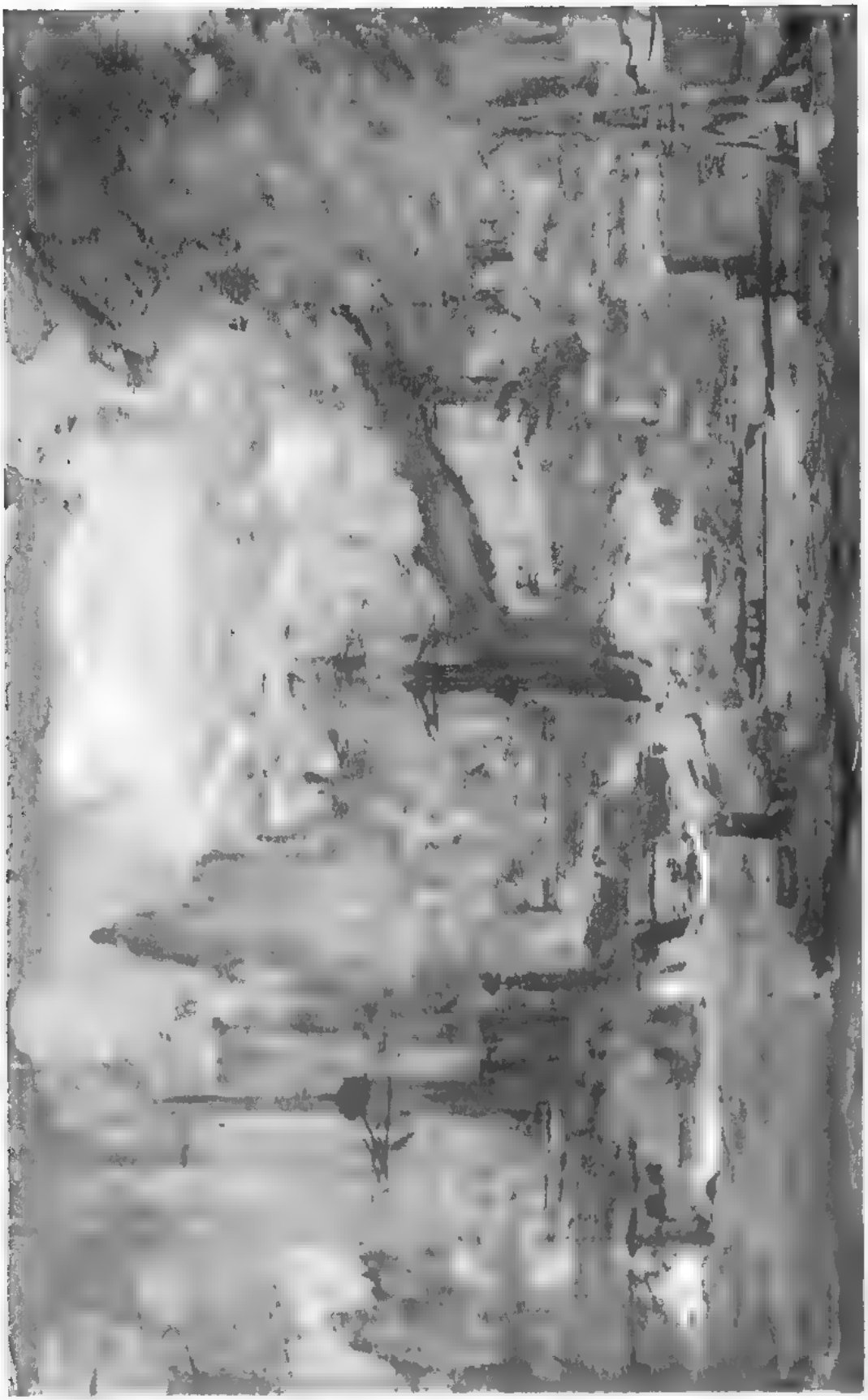

"HOME AGAIN"

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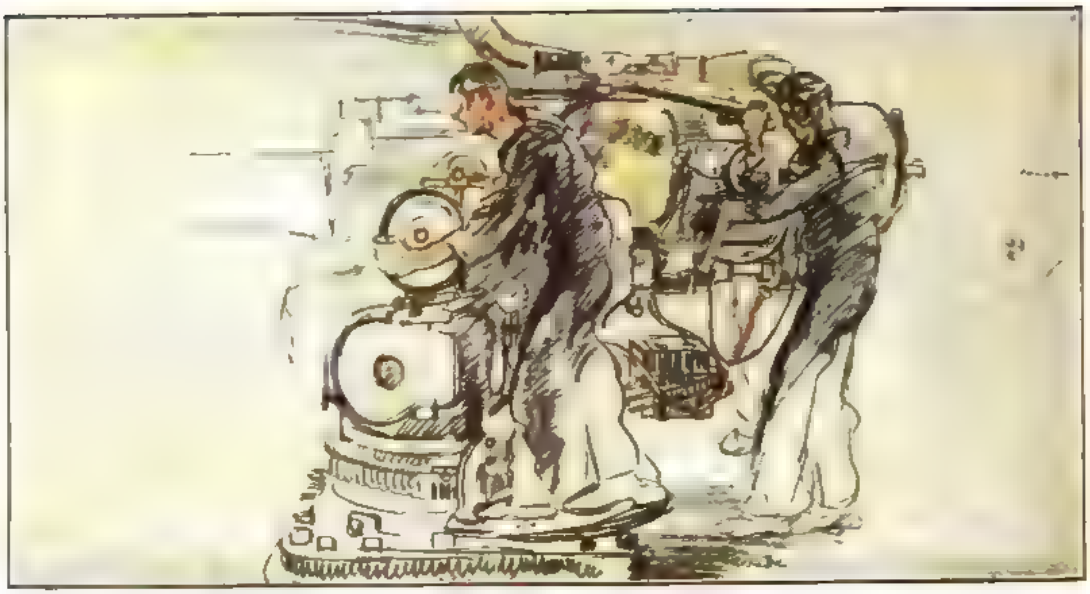
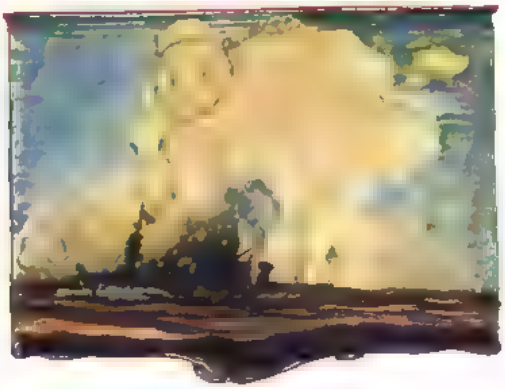


These Men Have COME ACROSS

They Are at the Front NOW

JOIN THEM ENLIST *in the* NAVY



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GIVE US A CHANCE!

A Song for Young Jonathan

BY

LAURA E. RICHARDS

(Of the Vigilantes)

STEADFAST and strong is the Tommy of England,
Gallant and gay is the Poilu of France:
We've been asleep, but thank God, we're awake now!
Frenchmen and Englishmen, give us a chance!

Give us a chance! we stand for the right, too!
Give us a chance! we know how to fight, too!
Brothers of England and comrades of France,
Give us a chance!

None of our women have perished in torture,
Where the shells scream and the bayonets glance,
None of our children have Death for their nurture:
Belgians and Serbians, give us a chance!

Give us a chance! we've sweethearts and wives, too!
Give us a chance! for the little ones' lives, too!
Now, as we rouse from security's trance,
Give us a chance!

Fair stand our homes in their spring-flushing meadows,
Hands all around for the daffodil-dance!
In the wrecked lands where the death-pall o'ershadows,
Poles and Armenians, give us a chance!

Give us a chance! our strength shall uphold you!
Give us a chance! our love shall enfold you!
Stretch out your faint hands to greet our advance!
Give us a chance!

Up with the Flag, then! Too long has it slumbered,
Furled round the Past in its dream of romance;
Blaze every stripe, every bright star be numbered!
Freedom and Brotherhood give us a chance!

Give us a chance! we stand for the right, too!
Give us a chance! we're in for the fight, too!
Over, and over, and over to France!
Give us a chance!

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THE LEGEND OF THE STIRRUP

Phillipe Martel, Habitant of Canada, Recovers on the Battlefields of France the Silver Stirrup Given to His Ancestor by Jeanne d'Arc

BY

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

(From a collection of stories, poems, etc., gathered together in a volume entitled "For France" by Charles Hanson Towne and published for the benefit of the French War Charities)

WHEN in September, 1914, Dick Lindsley and I went to Canada for two weeks in camp we were met at the club station, on the haphazard railway which climbs the mountains through Quebec Province, by four guides, men from twenty to thirty-five, powerfully built chaps, deep-shouldered, slim-waisted, lithe as wildcats. It was a treat to see their muscles, like machines in the pink of order adjusted to the heavy packs, send a canoe leaping over the water. There was one exception to the general physical perfection; one of Dick's men, a youngster of perhaps twenty-two, limped badly. He covered ground as well as the others for all that; he picked the heaviest load and portaged it at an uneven trot, faster than his comrades; he was what the *habitants* call *ambitionné*. Dick's canoe was loaded first, owing to the fellow's efficiency and I waited while it got away, and watched the lame boy. It was an interesting face, aquiline and dark, set with vivid light-blue eyes, which glowed with restless fire. I registered an intention to get at the personality of this lad. The chance came two days later. My men were off chopping for a spell, and I suddenly needed to go fishing.

"Take Philippe," offered Dick. "He handles a boat better than any of them."

Philippe and I, shortly, slipped into the Guardian's Pool, at the lower end of the long Lake of the Passes. "It is here, M'sieur," Philippe announced, "that it is the custom to take large ones."

By which statement the responsibility of landing record trout was on my shoulders. I thought I would have a return whack at him. My hands in the snarly flies and my back to Philippe, I spoke around my pipe, yet was careful to speak distinctly.

"Why aren't you in France fighting?"

The canoe shivered down its length as if the man at its stern had jumped. There was a silence. Then Philippe's deep, boyish voice answered: "As M'sieur sees, one is lame."

"Beg pardon," I growled. "I forgot." I mumbled platitudes.

"M'sieur le Docteur has right," Philippe announced, unruffled. "One should fight for France. I have tried to enlist, there are three times, explaining that I am *capable*, though I walk not evenly. But one will not have me. Therefore I have shame, me. I have, naturally, more shame than another because of Jeanne."

"Because of Jeanne?" I repeated. "Who's Jeanne?"

There was a silence; a queer feeling made me slew around. Philippe's old felt hat was being pulled off as if he were entering a church on Sunday.

"But—*Jeanne*, M'sieur," he stated, as if I must understand. "*Jeanne d' Arc. Tiens!* —the Maid of France."

"The Maid of France!" I was puzzled. "What has she got to do with it?"

"But everything, M'sieur." The vivid eyes smiled. "M'sieur does not know, perhaps, that my grandfather fought under Jeanne?"

"Your grandfather!" I flung it at him in scorn. The man was a poor lunatic.

"But yes, M'sieur. My grandfather—*Lui même.*"

"Philippe, the Maid of Orleans died in 1431." I remembered that date. The Maid is one of my hero figures.

Philippe shrugged his shoulders. "Oh—as for a *grandpère!* But not the *grandpère à present*, he who keeps the grocery shop in St. Raymond. Certainly not that grandfather. It is to say the *grandpère* of that *grandpère*

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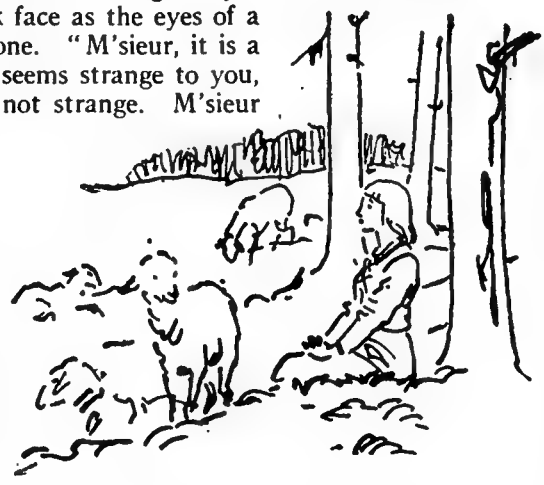
Perhaps another yet, or even two or three more. What does it matter? One goes back a few times of grandfathers and, behold! one arrives at him who was armorer for the Maid —to whom she gave the silver stirrup."

"The silver stirrup!" My Leonard rod bumped along the bow; my flies retangled in the current. I squirmed about till I faced him. "Philippe, what the devil do you mean by this rot about grandfathers and silver stirrups?".

The boy, perfectly respectful, not forgetting for a second his affair of keeping the canoe away from the fish-hole, looked at me squarely, and his uncommon light eyes gleamed from his dark face as the eyes of a prophet might have done. "M'sieur, it is a tale, doubtless, which seems strange to you, but to us others it is not strange. M'sieur lives in New York, and there are automobiles and trolley cars and large buildings *en masse*, and to M'sieur the world is made of such things. But there are other things. We, who live in quiet places, know. One has not too much of excitement, we others, so that one remembers a great event which has happened to one's family many years. Yes, indeed, M'sieur, centuries. One has not much; therefore one guards as a souvenir the tale of the stirrup of Jeanne. Yes, for several generations."



I felt not quite able to believe my ears; but the boy was apparently unconscious that his remarks were peculiar. "Philippe, will you tell me what you mean by a stirrup which Jeanne d' Arc gave to your ancestor?"

"But with pleasure, M'sieur," he answered readily, with the gracious French politeness which one meets among the *habitants*. "It is all—simply that the old grandfather, the ancient, he who lived in France when the Maid fought her wars, was an armorer. *Ça fait que* —it so happened—that on a day the stirrup of the Maid broke as her horse plunged and my grandfather, the ancient, he ran quickly and caught the horse's head. And so it happened that my grandfather was working at that moment on a fine stirrup of gold for her harness, for though they burned her afterwards, they gave her then all that there was of magnificent. And the old fellow—*le vieux*—whipped out the golden stirrup from his pocket, quite prepared for use—so it happened—and put it quickly in the place of the silver one which she had been using. And Jeanne smiled. 'You are ready to serve France, Armorer,' she said.

"She bent, then, and looked *le vieux* in the face—but he was young at the time.

"'Are you not Baptiste's son, of Domremy?' asked the Maid.

"'Yes, Jeanne,' said my *grandpère*.

"'Then keep the silver spur to remember our village and God's servant, Jeanne,' she said, and gave it to him with her hand."

If a square of Gobelin tapestry had emerged from the woods and hung itself across the gunwale of my canvas canoe it would not have been more surprising. I got my breath. "And the stirrup—what became of it?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "'*Sais pas*," he answered with French nonchalance. "One does not know that. It is a long time, M'sieur le Docteur. It was lost that stirrup, some years ago. It may be a hundred years. It may be two hundred. My grandfather, he who keeps the grocery shop, has told me that there is a saying that a Martel will one day go to France to find the silver stirrup. In any case I do not know. It is my wish to fight for France, but as for the stirrup or Jeanne—'*sais pas*." Another shrug. With that he was making oration—his light eyes flashing, his dark face working with feeling—about the bitterness of being a cripple and unable to go into the army.

"It is not *comme il faut*, M'sieur le Docteur, that a man whose very grandfather fought for Jeanne should fail France now in her need.

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Jeanne, one knows, was the saviour of France. Is it not?" I agreed. "It is my inheritance, therefore, to fight as my ancient grandfather fought." I looked at the lame boy not knowing any repartee. He began again. "I am the only one of the family to go, except Adolphe, who is not very proper, having had a tree fall on the lungs and leave him liable to fits; also Jacques and Louis are too young, and Jean-Baptiste he is blind of one eye, God knows. So it is I who fail! I fail! To stay at home like a coward, when France needs men!"

"But you are Canadian, Philippe. Your people have been here two hundred years."

"M'sieur, I am of France. I belong over there with the fighting men." His look was a flame. And suddenly I knew why he was firing off hot shot at me. I am a surgeon.

"What's the matter with your leg?" I asked.

The brilliant eyes flashed. "Ah!" he brought out. "One hoped—if M'sieur le Docteur would but see. I may be cured. To be straight—to march!" He was trembling.

In the shifting sunshine at the camp door, with the odors of hemlocks and balsams about us, the lake rippling below, I made an examination. I found that the lad's lameness was a trouble to be cured by an operation. I hesitated. Was it my affair to root this youngster out of safety and send him to death in the *débâcle* over there? Yet what right had I to set limits? He longed to offer his life; how could I know what I might be blocking if I withheld the power? My duty was to give strength to all I could reach.

"Philippe," I said, "if you'll come to New York next month I'll fit you out with two good legs."

In September, 1915, Dick and I came up for our yearly trip, but Philippe was not with us. Philippe, after drilling at Valcartier, was drilling in England. I had lurid post-cards off and on; after a while I knew that he was "somewhere in France." A grim gray card came, with no postmark, no writing but the address and Philippe's labored signature; for the rest there were printed sentences: "I am well. I am wounded. I am in hospital. I have had no letter from you lately." All of which were struck out but the welcome words: "I am well." So far, then, I had not cured the lad to be killed.

Then for months—nothing.

THE RETURN OF PHILIPPE

It came to be 1916 and time to go to Canada for the hunting. I wrote the steward to get us four men as usual, and Lindsley and I alighted from the rattling train at the club station in September, 1916, with a mild curiosity to see what fate had provided as guides, philosophers, and friends for our two weeks. Paul Sioui—that was nice—a good fellow Paul; and Josef—I shook hands with Josef; the next face was a new one—ah, Pierre Beauramé—one calls one's self that—*on s' appelle comme ça. Bon jour, Pierre!* I turned, and got a shock. The face at which I looked was the face of Philippe. I stood speechless. And with that the boy laughed joyfully.

"It is that M'sieur cannot again cure my leg," announced Philippe in the highest spirits, and tapped proudly on a calf which echoed with a wooden sound.

"You young cuss!" I addressed him savagely. "Do you mean to say you've gone and got shot up in that very leg I fixed?"

Philippe rippled more laughter—of pure joy—of satisfaction.

"But yes, M'sieur le Docteur. That leg *même*. Itself. In a battle. M'sieur le Docteur gave me the good leg for a long enough time to serve France. It was all that there was of necessary. As for now, I may not fight again, but I can walk and portage *comme il faut*. I am *capable* as a guide. Is it not, Josef?" he appealed, and the men crowded around to back him up with deep, serious voices.

"Ah, yes, M'sieur! *B'en capable!* He can walk like us others—the same!" they answered Dick and me impressively.

Philippe was my guide this year. It was the morning after we reached camp. "Would M'sieur le Docteur be too busy to look at something?"

I was not. Philippe stood in the camp doorway as he had stood two years before when I looked over his leg. He sat down again in the shifting sunshine, the wooden leg sticking out straight and pathetic, and began to take the covers off a package. There were many covers; it was apparently valuable. As

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he worked at them the odors of hemlocks and balsams, distilled by hot sunlight, rose sweet and strong; the lake splashed on pebbles; peace that passes understanding was about us.

FOR FRANCE

"It was in a bad battle in Lorraine," spoke Philippe into the sunshiny peace, "that I lost M'sieur le Docteur's leg. One was in the front trench and there was word passed to have the wire-cutters ready, and also bayonets, for we were to charge across the open toward the trenches of the Germans—perhaps one hundred and fifty yards, eight *arpents*—acres—as we say in Canada. Our big guns back did the preparation, making what M'sieur le Docteur well knows is called a *rideau*—a fire curtain. We climbed out of our trench with a shout and followed the fire curtain; so closely we followed that it seemed we should be killed by our own guns. And then it stopped—too soon, M'sieur le Docteur. For very many *boches* were left alive in that trench in front and they fired as we came, so that some of us were hit, and so terrible was the fire that the rest were forced back to our own trench which we had left. It is so sometimes in a fight, M'sieur le Docteur. The big guns make a little mistake, and many men have to die. Yet it is for France. And as I ran back with the others, for the trench and as the *boches* streamed out of their trench to make a counter attack with hand-grenades I tripped on something. It was little Réné Dumont, whom M'sieur le Docteur remembers. He guided for our camp when Josef was ill in the hand, two years ago. In any case he lay there, and I could not let him lie to be shot to pieces. So I caught up the child and ran with him across my shoulders, and threw him in the trench, and as he went in there was a cry behind me.

"'Philippe!'

"I turned, and one waved arms at me—a comrade whom I did not know very well—but he lay in the open and cried for help. So I thought of Jeanne, and how she had no fear, and was kind, and with that, back I trotted to get the comrade. But at that second—Pouf!—a big noise, and I fell down and could not get up. It was the good new leg of M'sieur le Docteur which those *sacrés boches* had blown off with a hand-grenade. So that I lay dead enough. And when I came alive it was dark and also the leg hurt—but yes! I was annoyed to have ruined that leg which you gave me—M'sieur le Docteur."

I grunted.

Philippe went on. "It was then, when I was without much hope and weak and in pain and also thirsty, that a thing happened. It is a business without pleasure, M'sieur le Docteur, that—to lie on a battlefield with a leg shot off, and around one men dead piled up—yes, and some not dead yet, which is worse. They groan. One feels unable to bear that groaning. It grows cold also, and the searchlights of the *boches* play so as to prevent rescue by comrades. They seem quite horrible, those lights. One lives, but one wishes much to die. So it happened that, as I lay there, I heard a step coming, not crawling along as the rescuers crawl, and stopping when the lights flared—but a steady step, coming freely. And with that I was lifted and carried into a wood. There was a hole in the ground, torn by a shell deeply, and the friend laid me there and put a flask to my lips, and I was at once warm and comforted. I looked up and I saw a figure in soldier's clothing of an old time, such as one sees in books—armor—white. And the face smiled at me. 'You will be saved,' a voice said, and the words sounded homely, almost like the words of my grandfather who keeps the grocery shop. 'You will be saved,' and it seemed to me the voice was yet young and gentle, like a woman's.

THE LEGEND'S FULFILMENT

"'Who are you?' I asked; and I had a strange feeling, afraid a little, M'sieur, yet glad to a marvel. I got no answer to my question, but I felt something hard pressed into my hand, and then I spoke. I suppose I was a little delirious, M'sieur, for I heard myself say a thing I had not been thinking. 'A Martel will one day go to France to find the silver stirrup'—I said that, M'sieur. Why, I do not know. They were the words I had heard my grandfather speak. Perhaps the hard feeling in my hand—I cannot explain M'sieur le Docteur. In any case there was all at once a great thrill through my body, such as I have never known. I sat up quickly and stared at the figure. It stood there. M'sieur will probably not believe—

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the figure stood in white armor, with a sword —and I knew it was Jeanne—the Maid. With that I tossed out my arms and knew no more. When I woke it was day. I was still lying in the crater of the shell which had torn up the earth of a very old battlefield, and in my hand I held tight—this."

Philippe drew off the last cover with a dramatic flourish and opened the box which had been wrapped so carefully. I bent over him. In the box, before my eyes, lay an ancient, worn and battered, newly polished silver stirrup. I stared at the boy. And with that, suddenly, he had turned around clumsily—because of his poor wooden leg—and was on his knees at my feet. He held out the stirrup.

"M'sieur le Docteur—you gave me a man's chance and honor, and the joy of fighting for France. I cannot tell my thanks. I have nothing to give you—but this. Take it, M'sieur le Docteur. It is not much, yet to me the earth holds nothing so valuable. It is the silver stirrup of Jeanne d' Arc. It is yours."

So it happens that in a glass case on the wall of my library hangs an antique bit of harness which is my most precious piece of property. How its story came about I do not even try to guess. As Philippe said, the action of that day took place on a very old battlefield. The shell which made the sheltering crater doubtless dug up earth untouched for hundreds of years. That it should have dug up the object which was a tradition in the Martel family and should have laid it in the grasp of a Martel fighting for France with that tradition at the bottom of his mind seems incredible. The story of the apparition of the Maid is incredible to laughter, or tears. Yet there are other stories of this war believed by hard-headed men, not less astonishing. No further light is to be got from the boy because he believes his story.

I do not try to explain. I treasure the old stirrup as a pledge of beautiful human gratitude. I hold it as a visible sign that French blood keeps a loyalty to France which ages and oceans may not weaken.

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Mother

(From the notebook of a French nurse, who spent a year in a hospital near the front and finally died of an infectious grippe, the result of exposure on duty.)

"YOU see, miss, I've only got my family," said a young soldier, sadly, letting his head fall back upon the pillow.

His family could not come to see him. For they were poor. And they lived at the other end of France. He never before realized what his family meant to him.

When he and his fellows-in-arms left home there had been a trying hour of farewell; one short minute when they had looked for the last time on the beloved faces, suddenly conscious that perhaps they would never see them again. At the bend of the road, or the corner of the street, they had looked back. Hungrily, they had gazed at the figures of the family, at their homes, the outlines of the trees, the familiar windows, as if they wished to seize them and carry them off. And then their attention had been diverted by their travels, their comrades, and that new, astonishing adventure which they had never expected—war! Dangers, battles, the bursting of shells, their intention of holding their position, hopes of advancing—all these occupied their thoughts. And then mere living was often hard.

So the picture of home appears for a moment, only. Fleeting, or rather, it is below, deep within, always. And as soon as immediate duties make way, it rises once more to the surface. In the hours and the minutes before an attack, it pushes itself to the fore, obstinate, sharp like a pain. Later, as he dashes forward under fire, with his comrades falling round him, there comes to him that anticipated thing which, nevertheless, up to that time, he could not believe would come: the whip lash in his flesh, his run suddenly cut short; and as he falls in the midst of his blood, absolutely weak and defenseless—how it surges up within—the thought of the dear, familiar past! His first cry, his last appeal, wrung from the forgotten depths of his being, where the little child still lives which he was once, the unanimous supplication which rises from the fields of battle, breathed forth from the prostrate bodies, is always the same, the same as that cry which he gave in his childish troubles, when he was face to face with imaginary dangers; the cry of his last stand, his prayer to the one person who has never failed him:

"Mother!"

From hard, laconic men, who spurn all display of tenderness; from brave men who joke up to the last moment, the same cry:

"Help! Mother!"

And doubtless it is the first time that they have called upon her in their hour of need, when she can do nothing.

At least so they believe, those women, who are bowed down with anguish in their saddened homes, far from the front.

In reality, they never leave their sons. The battlefields, where all the wounded cannot be picked up, and where so many men must die alone, belong to the mothers. They are there. The features which have been conjured up out of the air grow clearer little by little. It does not take them long to find their children. And they kneel, each beside her own. Dying eyes look up and see their smiles. Eyes already closed feel them near. They whisper words intelligible only to their own sons. The dear inflections of their voices caress those ears, which, soon to hear no more, now hear only their mothers' words. The pains of suffering are dimmed; and resignation of peace enters into their hearts.

"Mother, I have done my duty."

"My child, I am proud of you! I gave you to your country. Now you belong to me alone. You shall never leave me again!"

"Mother, stay with me!"

Still holding him close, she answers:

"I am here, my child—with you—always!"

And he falls to sleep, rocked in her love, just as long ago he was rocked in her arms.

You, mother and wives who in your weeping cry out: "If only I could have been there, at the last moment, to hear his last words!" rest in peace! *You were there.*

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YOUR RED CROSS

The Vast Amount of Material That Has Been Sent Abroad From the Bush Terminal in New York

BY
ALBERT W. STAUB
(Director Atlantic Division)

AT THE beginning of the European conflict the American Red Cross, following the neutral stand of the Government, announced that it would forward relief supplies to all of the participating countries and to those neutral countries that, on account of the war, were called upon to face great suffering. It was also announced that the donors of all supplies might designate the country to which their gifts were to go, and that the Red Cross would act as a forwarding agent in making the delivery. If the donor wished to assign his supplies for any of the many hundred hospitals and well-known relief organizations abroad, it was his privilege. All supplies that came in undesignated were considered as gifts to the Red Cross, to be used where the need was greatest. But naturally enough as individual opinion and sympathy became moulded (and it does not take the average individual in America very long to determine which side of the fence he is on), very few supplies came in that were not designated to one of the European Red Cross Societies or to the various relief committees which promptly established their connections on American soil.

The fact that France received more supplies than any other country reflected the sentiment and sympathy of the majority of the donors. To tell the whole story briefly, the American Red Cross, up to the time of our entering the war, received supplies regularly from 18,000 different individuals and organized committees, including Red Cross Chapters, and shipped them to twenty different countries. These supplies were forwarded in 473 shipments, aggregating over 75,000 large cases and bales packed for export. The remarkable thing about it is that all of these supplies were delivered to the parties for whom they were intended, with the exception of six cases containing the lighting outfit for a Belgian Field Hospital, which went down with the torpedoed S. S. *Inkum*, and 200 cases of second hand clothing bound for the Armenians in Russia, which were destroyed at the port of Archangel where the S. S. *Baron Briesen* was blown up by an internal explosion.

Our records show exactly whence all of these supplies originated. Every package, no matter how large or how small, was entered in the receiving book alphabetically according to the name of the city or town of the donor. Our shipping lists tell just what has become of the supplies, which never lost their identity in spite of rumors to the contrary. Our report up to April 1, 1917, shows precisely what was forwarded to each of the twenty countries, giving the quantities of the articles from pins to automobiles. We know, for instance, that we shipped to France 14,956 cases. We know the exact contents of each case, the address of the donor of each article, and the address of which one of the six hundred hospitals and relief committees it was designated for.

Statements about relief supplies lying round on piers in New York are absurd. Our supplies were always assembled in our warehouse at the Bush Terminal, and reached the piers only when they were ready to be delivered to the boat that was to carry them overseas; and no one wastes any time while loading a boat in these busy days. There have been occasional delays due to the readjustments in shipping arrangements, which must be expected in war times. Shipments for Serbia were delayed, for instance, when the boats of the Greek Line were put out of commission; supplies for Russia were held up because of an ice-bound port; but getting goods to France was an easy proposition. Seldom did supplies addressed to the latter remain at the warehouse more than a few days. For almost

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two years shipments went forward every Saturday on the French boats, until the schedule of the French Line was disrupted.

Suppose for example you wished to send a case of socks to the American Fund for French Wounded in Paris. Upon its arrival at the Bush Terminal you received an acknowledgment stating that it had arrived in good condition and that it would be included in French Shipment No. 121 going forward on the S. S. *Rochambeau* on Dec. 3, 1916. When it reached the office of the American Fund for French Wounded in Paris, a letter of thanks was mailed directly to you so that you had the assurance that the socks actually reached the destination for which they were intended. This is typical of the experiences of thousands of shippers of relief supplies from August, 1914, to April, 1917, who can testify with confidence that their supplies were delivered. The woman who designated a muffler for "some Italian on the top of an Alp" will corroborate this statement by showing you the almost illegible post card she received, in recognition of her timely gift.

Between April and August of this year the Red Cross has made the following shipments:

COUNTRY	NO. OF SHIPMENTS	NO. OF PACKAGES
Canada	1	1
Belgium	7	60
England	6	1,031
France	27	5,305
Italy	12	399
Rumania	2	34
Russia	3	586
Serbia	4	499
	62	7,915

The same system of handling the supplies is now being used, although it has been expanded to meet the needs of a very much enlarged Red Cross. We are at war and the public must learn to give more impersonally. The men who make up the commissions that have been sent to France, to Russia, to Rumania, to Italy, and to Serbia for the purpose of studying the needs and of distributing the supplies are "on the job" and must have our fullest confidence.

HEADQUARTERS IN WAR TIME

THE story of how the American Red Cross has grown during the past three months, since the entrance of the United States into the war, is visually emphasized at the National Headquarters in Washington.

The great marble building on Seventeenth Street, adjoining the Corcoran Art Gallery, built at an approximate cost of $500,000, and donated to the American Red Cross by the Government, was expected to serve the needs of the society for several years. This it might have done, had the country remained at peace. But within two months of the time of its occupancy, it was necessary to supplement it by a $50,000 annex, housing temporarily, for the period of the war, several hundred clerks composing five entire departments of Red Cross activity!

With the declaration of war against Germany came the subsequent plans for an organization equivalent to the gigantic relief task before the American Red Cross. The need for an army of clerks was immediately felt, and with their installation in sufficient numbers to do the necessary work the spacious marble building became almost immediately overcrowded. With the development of each new bureau and the appointment of a new executive to direct the rapidly expanding work congestion was felt. Offices became jammed with desks. The corridors and upstairs halls were utilized, and even one landing of the beautiful marble staircase housed a clerk with typewriters and filing cases, blocked off by a sign suspended on a rope, with the request to use the other side of the staircase. The great assembly hall, the future home of the War Council, was actually "littered" with desks. Seventy-five clerks, with several department heads, stenographers, typewriting machines, filing cases, and dictaphones occupied every square inch of space, leaving but narrow aisles for passage through the main quarters of the room. The capacity of the basement was

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strained to the limit, with girls and boys at tables, addressing envelopes, folding papers, running multigraph machines, crowded one against the other, with messenger boys working their tortuous way between chairs and tables to reach the various offices on their line of duty. Headquarters was overcrowded! The fact was driven home at every turn. More space must be had for work and that at once.

Tentative plans for an annex had been drawn up, but the proposed building site was on Government ground, and permission to build it must be obtained from Congress. On May 14, 1917, a bill was placed in the hands of the proper Congressional Committee, and the next day, May 15th, was passed by Congress.

The work of constructing, in the shortest time, a building large enough to house several whole departments was placed in the hands of Mr. Joseph Hamlen of Little Rock, Ark., and on the day the bill passed Congress construction was begun.

In the words of one of the clerks who watched the building process from the beginning, "it was like watching the beanstalk grow for the traditional Jack of the fairy tale." The building literally sprang into life. At one time one hundred and twenty-five men were employed on it, and construction was rushed with all possible speed. By May 20th the foundation posts had been set, and by May 30th the building began to assume its final proportions. On June 4th painters were at work on the outside of the building, and on the same day, less than one month from the beginning of operations, a portion of the Supply Department moved into the annex! On June 15th four other departments moved in, and the entire annex was in commission, greatly relieving the congestion in the main building, and considerably facilitating Red Cross work.

ORGANIZING THE KNITTERS

IN RESPONSE to urgent appeals made by Major Grayson M. P. Murphy, Red Cross Commissioner to France, and other United States Army officers, the Red Cross has started a drive to encourage the women of the country to knit sweaters, mufflers, socks, and wristlets for our soldiers and sailors.

Over a million and a half each of sweaters, mufflers, socks, and wristlets will be needed by the American soldiers before the winter is over, according to a recent cablegram from Major Murphy.

One million pounds of knitting wool to be made up into these garments has been purchased by the Supply Bureau of the Red Cross in Washington. An idea of the quantity of yarn in this one purchase can be gathered from the fact that if the wool were stretched out it would cover eight hundred thousand miles, or could be stretched around the earth at the equator thirty-two times.

It will not be possible for the Supply Department of the Red Cross to furnish the chapters with all the wool they will require. Chapters will be called upon to secure a part of their wool through local sources, where this can be done advantageously and at such times that they may find branch supply houses unable to meet their requirements.

The knitting wool purchased is mainly gray and has been distributed to the thirteen divisional warehouses of the Red Cross scattered throughout the country.

The following cablegram was received from Major Grayson M. P. Murphy and brings out forcibly the need for knitted garments:

"Begin shipping at once one and a half million each knitted mufflers, sweaters, socks, and wristlets. These are desperately needed before cold weather. In view of the shortage of fuel and other discomforts they will be of incredible value in both military and civilian work.

"Last winter broke the record for cold and misery among the people here. They inexpressibly dread lest the coming winter find us without supplies to meet the situation. I urge you on behalf of our soldiers and those of our allies who will suffer in the frozen trenches. Thousands of Belgian and French refugees and repatriates are being returned through Switzerland to France."

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CAMPAIGNING FOR RED CROSS MEMBERS

BY

GEORGE O. TAMBLYN

(Assistant Director Atlantic Division, Director Membership Extension)

HOW may a community enroll from thirty to seventy per cent. of its English speaking population and ten per cent. of all others? That is the question to which I addressed myself early in February of the present year. Every one ought to belong to the Red Cross, I figured. In a country as large as ours, as wealthy and as intelligent, every one, seemingly, should support "the one voluntary national relief organization" that is ever ready to give aid to any city, state, or section of the country overtaken by such disasters as fire, famine, flood, earthquake, or pestilence. Now that this great war is no longer simply a European War, (if it ever was), but our war, there is no more practical way of bringing home a sense of responsibility as to citizenship to the hundred millions of people in the United States than by the work of the Red Cross. Every one should join the Red Cross, but since not every one will, how may the largest number possible be enrolled?

In the Atlantic Division, through the whole-hearted coöperation of the Director, Mr. Albert W. Staub, I have run a series of thirty-five campaigns known as "Red Cross Enrollment Weeks." In five months about 200,000 members have been enrolled and $350,000 raised. The actual numbers might have been much larger had the time not been spent in small cities. Only one city of a hundred thousand (Trenton) was visited; one of 86,000 (Utica); one of 46,000 (Binghamton); and one of 30,000; while the rest have been from five to fifteen thousand. Six cities under fifteen thousand have enrolled not less than 4,000 each in one week; Rome (22,000) enrolled 9,000; Utica (86,000) enrolled 22,000; Bradford (12,000) enrolled 5,000; while Ilion (13,000) enrolled 8,000.

In no city except Trenton has the campaigner remained for a longer period than ten days. Here special difficulties, in getting elements in the city lined up, developed. But the actual campaign lasted one week only. I have had the pleasure of seeing two men wait fifteen minutes for nine o'clock, the closing hour. They stood with checks for $2,600 and $3,500 turned upside down, each hoping to outdo the other. No, we do not come to a city and begin to enroll, "remaining as long as the city seems to need us." We come to a city and stop all enrollments for three days and announce that only those returns made within the Red Cross week will be counted by us. As many members may be enrolled by a city, if properly organized, in one week as in one year. That is as true of a large city as of a small one.

The night the organizer of the campaign arrives he meets the officers of the Chapter and lays before them the plan of the campaign. Arrangements are made for Headquarters (usually a vacant store on a busy street), for a letter head, and the appointment of chairmanships and committees. At headquarters we have from two to five telephones installed, three to five stenographers (always paid), two or three clerks (often volunteers), eight or ten tables or desks, and a dozen chairs. Our telephone number is always the goal we are after. If the Executive Committee decides to enroll 10,000, then "10,000" is our phone number. Our letter head (never the regular stationery of the Chapter) contains the names of the officers of the Chapter, the Central Committee, the Atlantic Division, and a hundred representative citizens. By representative citizens I do not mean the hundred best citizens but a hundred that will represent every creed, every grade of society and every class of people in the city.

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"Any one who has a following," whether approved or not, goes on the letter head.

DAILY REPORTS FROM TEAMS AND STATIONS

The hour from five to six daily is reserved for reports from teams, enrolling stations, and shops. Every day I give the press a typewritten statement of the actual numbers enrolled during the previous twenty-four hours. For example, in Utica we had 117 enrolling stations. Every day opposite each of the 117 stations was the name of the Booth Chairman and the number enrolled and the amount of money collected to date. Below these stations are placed the sixty or eighty teams, grouped under the generals and captains. When the newspapers understand that we have from fifteen to eighteen hundred people, in cities of the size of Utica and Trenton, working for the Red Cross and buying the paper to find out "what station and what team leads," they not only gladly devote an entire page to the daily reports, but very freely give their columns for news items. These daily reports are vital to the success of the campaign. Often the enrolling station that is lowest the first day will be second or third the following day.

A Chairman of Enrolling Stations and a Vice-Chairman are appointed. These chairmen select as many division chairmen to serve under them as may be needed, varying according to the size of the city. The Division Chairmen appoint twenty Booth Chairmen who "promise to dress in white (for publicity), to keep the station open every day from the beginning of the campaign to the end whether enrollments are few or many, and to secure such helpers to serve as may be necessary."

A LITTLE GIRL'S SACRIFICE

A little girl came into an enrolling station in the city of Utica dragging her little left foot, as she had been left an unfortunate victim of infantile paralysis. She wanted to become a member of the Red Cross and placed a dime upon the table. The Booth Chairman informed the little patriot that the lowest membership was one dollar but that she would be very glad to furnish the other ninety cents. "No, that will not do for me; I will be back in an hour," she said, as she slowly left the store. And she came back in twenty minutes with both hands filled with pennies, for she had broken her stone bank and taken captive ninety of the treasures. "Brother has gone to France," she continued, "and I heard from the Red Cross Man about the Red Cross following brother wherever the army went. I can't go along with him but you can, so I want to join."

I have been able to take into the Red Cross every child in some of the rooms of public schools, and many graduating classes have joined in a body. I have pinned the little Red Cross pins on six children under five years of age, who joined as Life Members. Children respond to the Red Cross appeal when it is presented to them as *their* opportunity to serve *their* country.

TEAMS ARE USED IN CAMPAIGNS

Next in importance to the Enrolling Stations are the teams. Through the military plan of generals, captains, and teams, the Y. M. C. A. has raised millions of dollars; cities have built hundreds of hospitals; and the Hundred Million War Fund was a success because the plan of the campaign included the teams. One town in Connecticut of less than 800 raised $4,500; a city in New York of 22,000, one month after a membership campaign in which we enrolled 10,000 Red Cross members in one week, had teams and they turned in $42,000. New York City, with its forty million to raise, had teams. The modern method of raising money is by this military plan. Under each general are a certain number of captains (we have five), under each captain a team of ten. Some very experienced campaigners have objected to the use of "teams" for membership on the ground that the spirit of rivalry, the daily reports, and the competition for numbers tend to narrow the race down to the dollar memberships. In order to remedy this defect, I have so used the teams as to make the race for first place determined, not by the largest number enrolled, but by the largest amount of money raised. In our daily press report there are two columns, one for the amount of money collected and one for the number of memberships.

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SALVAGING WAR'S WASTE

The System Successfully Employed by the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada for Restoring Wounded and Disabled Soldiers to Health so that They Can Become Self Supporting

BY

ADAM BLACK

I WENT in, a fragment. I came out, a man."

A fine upstanding man, he is, too—this tall Canadian soldier who speaks.

"Went into what? Came out of what?" I asked.

He smiled in gentle toleration of my ignorance. "The big machine called the M. H. C.," said he. "The machine that takes in disabled fighters at one end and sends them out able bodied men at the other." I found out afterward that one of his legs had been taken off close to the hip. It seemed to make little difference to his walk, and none at all to his spirits or his capacity. "I'm not going to let it," he said. "Why should I? A little thing like that!"

Officially, the letters "M. H. C." stand for Military Hospitals Commission. With equal truth, they signify "Making Healthy Canadians."

In Europe, the wounded Canadian soldier is cared for by the Canadian Army Medical Corps and the Canadian Red Cross. These act in close coöperation with the kindred organizations of the mother country. In fact, of the 22,000 invalided Canadians in the British Isles at the present time, about half are in non-Canadian Hospitals; though it may be added that the Canadian Hospitals caring for the other half make room also for a considerable number of non-Canadian soldiers.

From the time of their arrival in Canada—for the most part at Halifax in winter, but generally at Quebec in summer—until their discharge from the army, or until the close of their reëducation following discharge, the men are cared for by the Military Hospitals Commission.

The Commission carries on its work in a great chain of institutions stretching from Cape Breton Island at the eastern to Vancouver Island at the western end of the Dominion. The first institutions opened were mostly large private houses, lent, and some of them furnished, by individual citizens and local organizations. For greater efficiency and economy in management, as the number of patients increased, it was found necessary to secure larger institutions, though most of the earlier and smaller convalescent homes have been retained.

Practically all the invalids returned to Canada have reached the stage of convalescence. Most of the Commission's institutions therefore are Military Convalescent Hospitals. These number fifty-two with accommodation, available or in sight, for more than 12,000 men. There are also nineteen sanatoria for tuberculosis, with similar accommodation for about 1,430. All but four of these sanatoria had been erected for consumptives before the war, and still treat civilian patients—caring for the soldiers either in an allotted part of the old premises or in new buildings added by the Commission. Finally, the Commission has secured a certain proportion of the accommodation in twenty-one general hospitals. These receive soldiers who relapse, or who develop fresh complaints requiring "active" rather than convalescent hospital treatment.

The trains for "walking" cases consist of standard and tourist sleeping cars, with dining cars for meals. For cot cases, special hospital trains are provided, and these are believed to surpass anything of the kind existing elsewhere. Both the Government Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway have transformed a number of standard sleepers into hospital cars. Wide doors enable the men to be carried in on stretchers. The

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ordinary berths are replaced by regular beds, and everything is done to make the journey as pleasant as possible, the speed being limited to about twenty-five miles an hour. On arrival at the hospital, every man whose condition does not forbid is given two weeks' leave, to be spent at his home; and a considerable number remain there as out-patients.

THE TREATMENT

The treatment in a convalescent hospital naturally varies in character and duration. But the Commission's settled policy is to discover and apply to every individual man whatever methods are likely to prove most effective in his case.

At the foundation of the treatment is an appropriate and varied diet—which has been most carefully and elaborately worked out—with plenty of good air.

Massage plays a large part in the treatment of many cases; and the Commission trains its own masseuses and masseurs—these latter being themselves invalided soldiers—at Toronto.

Baths, an astonishing variety of baths, are also much used, especially in cases of nerve trouble and rheumatism. There are baths for single limbs as well as baths for the body.

Free exercises, akin to the physical drill used in the training of able-bodied soldiers, are found of great benefit to the disabled—being regulated most carefully by medical advice and supervision in every case. Special instructors are trained by the Commission for this branch of treatment.

There is a medical officer in charge of every institution. Specialists are called in whenever required; or the men are sent to centres where the best specialists are always available.

Even a small home will have at any rate one trained nurse; and many of the nurses belonging to the "Voluntary Aid Detachment" have acquired training which practically lifts them to the professional level.

One of the most valuable lessons learned in the early stages of the work was that occupation is not only beneficial but necessary to invalided men. The old idea of a convalescent home, as merely a place of rest, is quite out of date. Occupation is the best of tonics, for body and mind. Idleness is an obstacle rather than a help to recovery.

There is a great variety of occupations; and often a considerable number will be found in the same institution. Some of them may be considered trifling, such as making toys, and fancy articles—for example, buttonhooks, paper knives, and so forth, their handles consisting of empty cartridge cases picked up at the front. Such petty trades, however, promise little help for the men's future. The occupations encouraged and seriously organized by the Commission are those which increase skill and capacity for trades which are most likely to afford steady work at good wages.

These include carpentry; motor engineering, and other kinds of metal work; harness making and other branches of the leather industry; mechanical drawing, useful in many trades; telegraphy; with gardening and poultry raising for out-of-doors. Classes in elementary school subjects also are held enabling men to improve their general educational standing; while typewriting, bookkeeping, and so on, prepare them for the civil service and commercial offices. The sanatoria, also, are being equipped with workshops for useful as well as interesting occupations. Patients confined to bed even embroider and perform other light tasks, that tend to prevent the unrest of mind which counteracts the good effect of bodily rest. Many of the convalescents attend classes in regular technical institutions near the hospitals, special arrangements having been made for the instruction of invalided soldiers there.

THE PRIVILEGE OF "REËDUCATION"

Any man prevented by his disability from returning to his former work is entitled, and encouraged, to undertake a course of reeducation for a new occupation—preferably one akin to that which formerly engaged his attention. His choice of a new trade has to be confirmed by the Commission, on the recommendation of a Soldiers' Training Board, consisting of a medical officer, a vocational officer, and generally a member of the Employment Commission of his Province.

Such a man's training is continued after discharge, generally at a technical or agricultural college. Not only is this training given him free, but during his education, and for a month longer, the Federal Government pays

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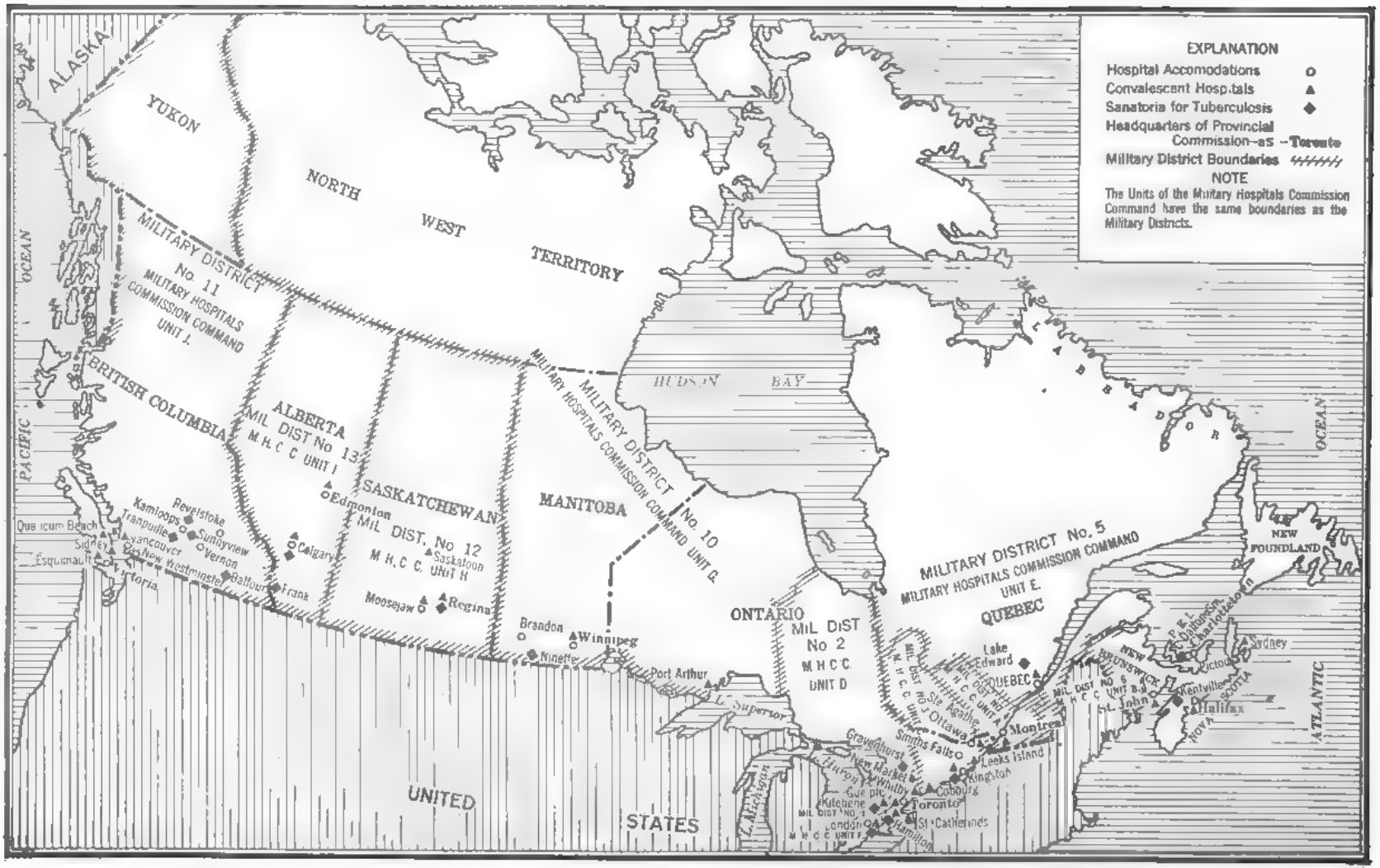

THE RANGE OF THE WORK OF THE MILITARY HOSPITALS COMMISSION

The hospitals and sanatoria of the Commission are dotted throughout the provinces of the Dominion of Canada

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EN ROUTE TO THE HOSPITAL
A wounded Canadian soldier returned from the front being conveyed aboard a hospital car on the Government Railway of Canada en route to a hospital

subsistence allowances to the man and his family. So far, about 900 men have applied for this training, and nine tenths of them have been found eligible for it.

AN ILLITERATE SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE

I quote from a letter, dated Montreal, June 15, 1917, from a French Canadian returned soldier to an officer of the institution where he spent his convalescence:

"As you know, for the past four weeks I have been at work in the tool room of the Dominion Bridge Company, and I just thought I would like to drop you a line to express my thanks to the Military Hospitals Commission.

"When I came back from the front in October 1916, I was not able to read or write, and so I went into the school class at the Grey Nuns' Convalescent Home. As you will now see from this letter, I can now make a pretty fair show of myself.

"When the M. H. C. opened the Machine Shop at McGill I decided to take up the course, as I wanted to get a trade for myself. I had never worked on machines before, so I had a lot to learn, but I stuck with it, and when I got my discharge, three months later, I was able to secure my job with the Dominion Bridge Company. I received $21.10 per week since I started. The foreman told me this week that he was going to put me on a new machine and this would mean more money for me. I expect to get about $30 per week.

"If it had not been for the school I never would have been in the place I am to-day. Before the war, I was driving a team at $15 per week. I also worked on a pile driver at $18 per week, so you see I am now able to earn almost twice as much as I could before. I hope all the returned boys will see the chances they have in the school and make the most of them."

Each of the nine Provincial Governments of Canada has appointed a Commission to help discharged soldiers in getting employment – the chairman being ex-officio a member of the Federal Commission. There are a multitude of local committees, formed generally both to welcome the soldiers on their first arrival home and to help them afterward in getting employment. With the labor market in its present state, this is not so very hard. But when the war ends, no matter how gradual

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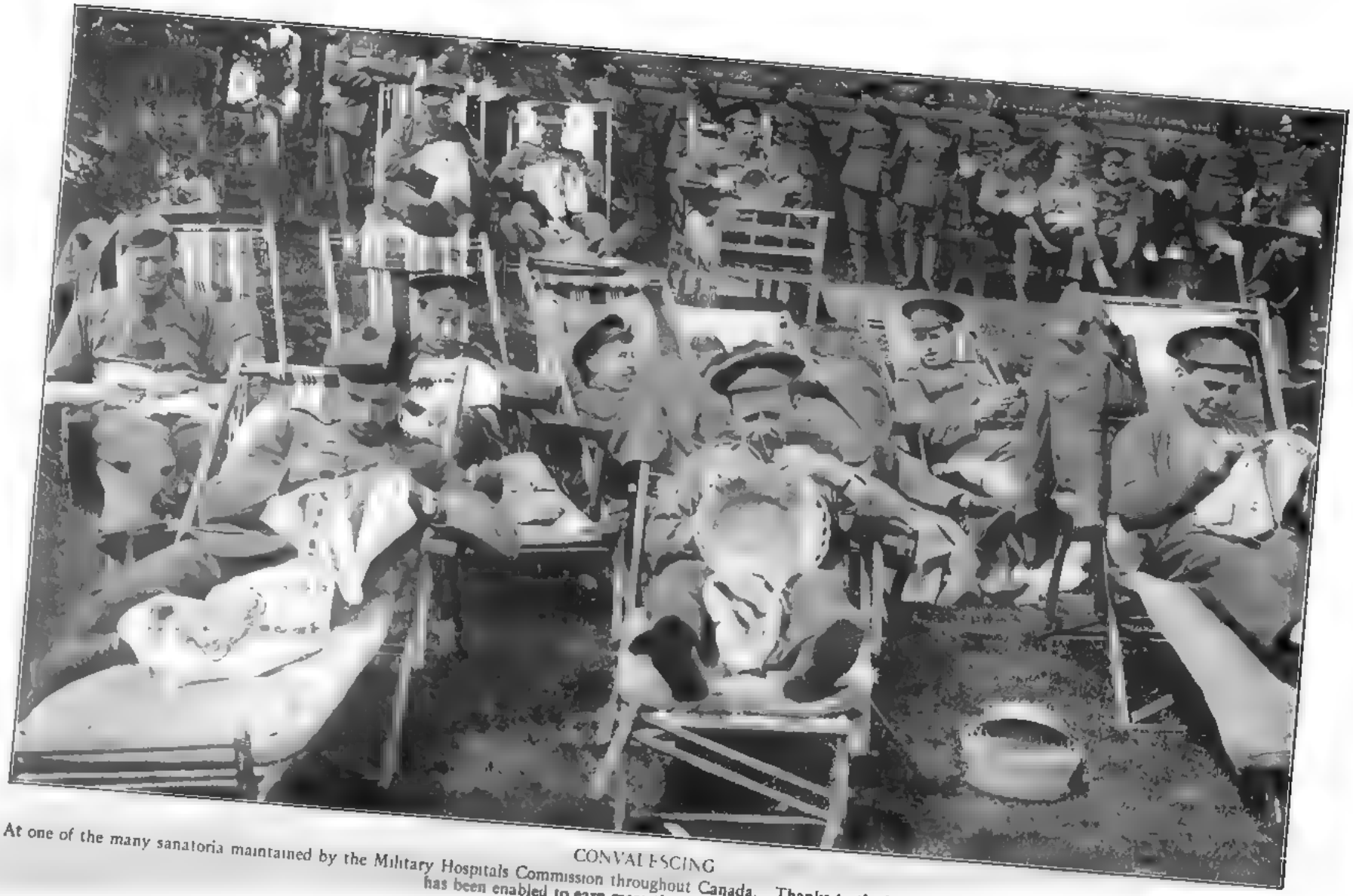

CONVALESCING

At one of the many sanatoria maintained by the Military Hospitals Commission throughout Canada. Thanks to the instructions given by the Commission, many a soldier has been enabled to earn more than before he went to war

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IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

Here convalescent soldiers, strong enough to move around, are taught carpentry or some other useful occupation whereby they may earn their livelihood and not become a burden to Canada

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IMPROVING HIS ART

A young French Canadian artist, who developed tuberculosis in the great war, grasps the opportunity to improve his art while recovering at a sanatorium for tubercular soldiers

demobilization may be, the resettlement of hundreds of thousands of men, their reabsorption into the ranks of industry, will demand extraordinary statesmanship and efficiency of organization. Every one hopes that as many as possible of the men will be persuaded to undertake productive work on the land. The Dominion Government has a scheme, so far only published in outline, with this end in view. A "Soldier Settlement Board" of three commissioners will grant 160 acres of Federal land to any honorably discharged British soldier or sailor, with a loan of $2,500, subject to such conditions as the government thinks necessary "to secure the use of the land for the purpose for which it is granted." The Provincial Governments of Ontario and British Columbia have schemes with the same object; and a number of soldiers have already taken up land in northern Ontario. Also the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has enormous holdings of land in the west, is greatly extending its ready-made farm system with soldier-settlers in view. However attractive these schemes, the great majority of returned soldiers will have to be provided for otherwise, chiefly in the industrial centres. As we have learned from bitter experience in other fields that the best way to cure an evil is to prevent it, we feel that the "M. H. C." is attacking this problem of the disabled soldiers' restoration in the most effective way possible and in a way that might well be imitated by America.

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NOT A WILD WEST SHOW

But serious practice in riding by prospective leaders of the United States Army

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THE MAKING OF AN OFFICER

The Plattsburg Camp of 1917 Devoted to Serious War Training—The Spirit of the Camp—Notes of a Participant

BY

LAWRENCE D. THORNTON

IT IS difficult to realize the tremendous intricacy of the problem which confronted the Regular Army at the beginning of the camp, but among those who have actually seen the work accomplished there is only a feeling of immense pride and respect for the officials who with tact and remarkable skill surmounted the task. Within three short months the vast quota of officers required for the new National Army had to be not only hammered into fighting trim, but also instructed in the multitudinous details of modern warfare. The unfailing thoroughness and cautious wisdom of the instructors deserve the highest praise, and their actions bore that firmness, tempered with kindness and consideration, which will serve as a stimulating example for the new student-officers when they face actual service. The men soon perceived these qualities and readily responded to them; out of which grew a spirit of cheerful coöperation which has been one of the strongest items in a strong and successful undertaking.

When the camp opened the chill, dreary, rainy season was just starting in with a persevering stubbornness which promised many long days of repeated thunder showers. The entire camp had that pine-board rawness of a "boom" city sprung up overnight. The great parade ground and the adjacent brick buildings of the army post seemed like a quiet old port near which was moored these strange new creations. It was not until a month later, after most of the preliminary drill work had been passed, that the charm of the place with its trees, the cool Lake Champlain, and the ranges of the Green Mountains across in Vermont, were all properly appreciated.

That first month was a month of marching. Every one was drilled, drilled, and then drilled some more, until the tramping cadence and all other essentials of marching were so thoroughly implanted as to become second nature It was during the practice marches out into the nearby country that neighbors in rank became acquainted. Then some one invariably started singing. Songs of all sorts, and paro-

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STUDYING A PROBLEM IN STRATEGY

Members of the Plattsburg training camp studying the theory of a movement during a rest on a hike

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A PEACEFUL WAR SCENE

A portion of the barracks at Plattsburg which afforded comfortable and healthy quarters for the men's three months' visit

dies of all songs, made the distances shorter and the packs—incidentally the hearts—lighter.

To the Plattsburger humor is contagious and he always expresses it in song. If the day is especially hot he sings the old Christmas ballad, "Jingle Bells." If it rains, especially while he attends the Saturday night show at the outdoor stadium, the song of the occasion runs in this strain:

"Glorious, glorious!
When I'm wet I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the duck fam-i-lee."

He then wraps a poncho about him and calmly seats himself to see the performance through. Rains are too numerous to perturb him.

The limited time for fellowship aside from actual duties precludes the opportunity of any but the closest associates getting acquainted, but everywhere there is an unwritten law of fellowship which makes life worth the living

About the middle of the three months there was heralded, by the veteran members of past camps, the coming of an officer of whom it was said, "Gee, when he gets here you'll stand on your toes," or "He'll work the kinks out of you." And when he came he did all that had been said he would do—and then some. This officer was Major Koehler, who for forty years has taught the West Pointers to stand as West Pointers do. Selected groups from each company were chosen for the training, who would in turn instruct their fellows. Major Koehler's limited stay made it impossible to do his work successfully otherwise. The course comprised three subjects: calisthenics, bayonet drills, and vocal training in giving commands. Each day for two weeks the parade ground was covered with classes which would be replaced at the close of their drills by others. The great number instructed seemed incredible. The entire field was an expanse of moving marionettes, perspiring, bareheaded, and minus woolen shirts; all gyrating, bending, and swaying, impelled by the power of one voice and one personality. It was a beautiful spectacle of unity and discipline of movement. The voice culture drills were done

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INGENUITY DURING A HOT SPELL

The demands of war permit of no delays, so the infantrymen resorted to this form of *dishabile* to circumvent the deterring effects of a July sun

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SCALING A PARAPET

The army recruit must needs be in splendid physical condition at all times to bear the strain of constant drills

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INTO THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES
Recruits at Plattsburg practise capturing a trench after a charge

also at the same time, in a chorus that echoed like a crash of thunder. The exact inflection and the volume of the voice are important in giving commands. A definite style quite different from the conversational is required.

The bayonet practice was as strenuous as the calisthenics and even more exacting of movement. There is something in the quick, ugly thrusts and jabs, always done while advancing, which quite taxes the imagination, and discourages the weak of heart. It recalls the thought that, after all, in spite of the aid of modern science, the man behind the gun is the big factor in the winning of any war. This war seems remarkable in its nice coördination of that which goes back centuries in the history of warfare and that which is the invention of the hour. A group may be training in the morning throwing stones simulating grenades and using the old barbaric knife of the bayonet, yet in the afternoon it may study the workings and use of the machine-gun. Each of which is as much a part of the fighting equipment of the day as the other.

Trench digging, of all the different subjects taken up, has been the most variable in popularity. Even the fattest of the men —and those few sweltered cheerfully— acknowledged at least interest in the proceedings.

Trenching and drilling and calisthenics are but few of the many subjects crowded into three short months, but the methods of teaching these are quite characteristic of the others. By degrees the two training regiments at the Plattsburg camp were worked up until they became soldierly organizations; the men well capable of taking on, with credit to all concerned, the duties that the future held for them.

And what is of still greater importance— they were inspired with a serious conception of their responsibilities and a burning desire to expand their training into action— action of such a kind as will not only reveal the spirit of this promising band of officers but also afford effective means for carrying the message of America to Europe.

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WHAT OF THE OLDER MEN?

The Senior Service Corps—A Plan to Keep Men Above Military Age Fit to Carry On the Nation's Business Under the Stress of War

BY

WALTER CAMP

IT IS well known that the most efficient and productive years of the life of a business or professional man are after he passes forty-five. To lose unnecessarily a single year of a life of ripened efficiency is an economic crime. One has only to look at the death notices of a newspaper to have brought home to him the distressing fact that too many men are dropping out between forty-five and sixty-five. It ought not to be so. A man who reaches forty-five in a fair degree of bodily health should be good for twenty-five years more at least, barring accident, if he takes only reasonable care of himself.

The Nation can ill afford to lose any of its most effective executives, most or all of whom are over forty-five, whether in Government service or at the head of large corporations; before the end of the war we shall need them all badly, for who can foretell how long we shall be in arms? A large proportion of our most valuable men "behind the lines" at the present moment are more than forty-five years of age. These men upon whom the Nation's destiny depends should be made fit and kept at the maximum point of efficiency.

And a great many of the older men, realizing this fact, have in their enthusiasm and patriotism taken up physical culture courses or enrolled themselves for training camps where the severe training has been entirely too severe for them. There have been cases where men over sixty have been sent on long, wild hikes with men of twenty-five. And in their eagerness they have permanently injured themselves.

With the idea of hardening the older men to make them more fit for the burdens they might have to face on account of the war, I organized last year in New Haven a Senior Service Corps for men over forty-five.

The unit started with fifty men and included men in all walks of life such as the Dean of Yale University, the owner of a large vaudeville circuit, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the editor of an evening newspaper, several judges and professors and an ex-mayor. Within two weeks more than one hundred were enrolled, the ages of the men varying between forty-five to seventy-three. Their height ranged from five ft. four in. to six ft. four in. and their weight from 116 to 265 pounds. A few simple entrance rules were formulated. For example, to become a member of the corps a candidate must be more than forty-five years old. He must be a citizen of the United States in good standing, and must pass a very simple physical examination. Furthermore, he must be willing to devote an hour a day three times a week to the work.

The régime is not severe, the results being accomplished by bringing gradually into play forgotten or partially atrophied muscles, the strengthening of the muscles that produce an erect carriage, the increase of the resistive forces of the body, the opening up and deepening of the chest, the strengthening of the heart's action, the overcoming of the dropping of the abdominal viscera, and the renewal of the response of the whole muscular system to will control.

The work consists of from ten to fifteen minutes simple setting-up drill—not the severe setting up of the soldier, but adapted to the man over forty-five. This is followed immediately by fifty minutes of outdoor work, consisting mainly of walking, which at once supplements the indoor exercise by giving plenty of fresh air for the increased lung capacity, and the toning up of the heart action through walking, at the same time inducing moderate action of the skin as a relief to the work of the kidneys. As the time is limited to this single hour, it was not possible

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SETTING-UP EXERCISES

Photograph by Brown Bros.

The members of Mr. Camp's Senior Service Corps go through a series of short exercises several times a week to strengthen all the muscles of the body

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DOUBLE TIME

A great many older men, fired by patriotic enthusiasm, endeavored to keep up the pace set for the younger generation in the training camps with sometimes fatal results. Under Mr Camp's plan the exercise is gradual and systematic

to increase very materially the distance to be covered in a walk or march, but the work was made progressive through two satisfactory means, namely a moderate amount of hill climbing and the carrying of weights. Each man in the later stages of the work was given an iron bar to carry. This bar was three feet long, one inch in diameter, and weighed eight pounds—a little less than a service rifle. Beneficial perspiration is easily induced by means of this hill climbing and carrying of weights.

Five weeks of the method made each candidate "fit." In other words, it added to the recruits' physical well being, made it possible for them to perform all their daily tasks more easily, reduced their waist measurements materially, while it increased their chest expansion, and gave them an erect carriage.

As for officers for the corps—but two are needed. A competent surgeon or physician who examines the men, keeps charts of their condition and accompanies them upon their hikes. The other officer must act as leader of the corps to direct the setting-up drills or gymnastic work and assume full command of the outdoor work and on the hikes. However, there was an even more startling and beneficial result than the physical benefits derived from the course and this was the mental attitude that the men began to feel when the work had progressed a little. They literally renewed their youth in point of view. They became more optimistic and easily cast off trifling worries that had seemed to press upon their spirits before taking up the work. And this infectious buoyant spirit spread not only among the members of the corps itself but to those with whom they came in contact.

And the benefits to the community were many. One of the greatest of these came from the force of the example set by these mature men and leaders in the community following determinedly such a course of training. It proved of great value in developing the patriotism of the old and young alike, and made the spirit of service and loyalty reach an ideal height.

This work of making themselves fit was patriotism of the highest kind, and was found far more effective than that of the individual. It is true that any one man could go through all these exercises and marching and carrying of weights. But it is common knowledge that no matter how determined the single individual may be to keep up exercises of

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this nature, no man ever does continue it long by himself.

When once the merit of such sort of work was realized, it did not take long for others to take it up and there are hundreds of units doing this work now throughout the country. The members of President Wilson's Cabinet and their assistants have been following the course regularly and are enthusiastic disciples of this form of physical training. The General Electric Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and several Government Departments are instituting this plan for the benefit of their employees, with the indirect result of benefiting themselves.

A few of the simple rules of health which are in force in the corps and which have been of immense value to the older men, as well as the young, are as follows:

Drink without eating and eat without drinking.

Five glasses of water a day, none with meals, will make you free of doctors.

Warm feet and a cool head need no physician.

A bath, cold if you please, hot if you must, with a good rub, starts the day right.

If you will save your smoke till after luncheon, you'll never have smoker's heart.

Wearing the same weight underclothing the year round will save you a lot of colds.

Dress cool when you walk and warm when you ride.

Your nose, not your mouth, was given you to breathe through.

Clean skin, clean socks, clean underwear every day.

Don't sit still with wet feet. Walk until you have a chance to change.

Never let a day pass without covering four miles on foot.

See how high you can hold your head and how deeply you can breathe whenever you are out of doors.

Hot water quick is the best thing for a sprain.

Short shoes and shoes that don't fit cost a lot in the long run.

Getting mad makes black marks on the health.

Envy, jealousy, and wrath will ruin any digestion.

When you rob the trolley company of a nickel by walking you add a dime to your deposit of health.

You'll never get the gout from walking.

Sleep woos the physically tired man, she flouts the mentally exhausted.

The best record in golf is the record she has made of restored health to the middle aged.

Tennis up to the thirties, but golf after forty.

Nature never punished a man for getting his legs tired. She has punished many for getting their nerves exhausted.

Two hours of outdoor exercises by the master never yet made him overcritical of the cook.

Don't ask the heart to pump extra blood to the brain all day and then to an overloaded stomach all night.

Tight shoes have sent many a man to bed with a cold.

Leg weariness never yet produced brain fag.

Loose clothes, loose gloves, easy shoes, spell comfort and health.

No wise athlete stands still after exercise without putting something over him.

Open windows don't make half as many colds as closed ones do.

Too many drinks at the nineteenth hole undo all the good of the other eighteen.

The best way to use the Sunday supplement is to stick it under your vest while you walk an hour against the wind and then come home and read it.

Blood pressure does not come to the men who walk a lot out of doors; instead it looks for those who sit and eat a lot indoors.

Many a man finds too late that his motor car has cost him more in health and legs than it has in tires and gasoline.

A four or five-mile walk daily makes your credit at the bank of health mount up steadily.

Nature won't stand for overdrafts any more than your bank.

Such, in short, is the plan of the Senior Service Corps; a plan easily followed out by any community; a plan to renew youth and to keep men fit and efficient far into a hoary old age and to provide a line of defense in the organization of the Nation comparable with the first line of defense on the most precarious of battlefields.

Guard your shores and train your men,
Teach your growing youth to fight;
Make your plans ere once again
Ships of foes appear in sight.

Build the ships and train to arms,
Make your millions fighting strength,
That shall frighten war's alarms,
Ere they reach a challenge length!

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FOR THE RELIEF OF THE ALLIES

MORE than a year ago Eliot Wadsworth, Vice-chairman of the Central Committee of the Red Cross, visited all the warring countries to make a first hand study of conditions and to gather data for relief work abroad. Under his direction the American Red Cross sent to the foreign Red Cross societies money in proportion to their respective needs, and clothing and other articles which Mr. Wadsworth's investigations had shown to be most urgently needed.

That was a year ago. In the meantime the European chaos had been evolving new conditions. New countries have entered the maelstrom. Plagues driven out of one country have been found flourishing in others. People who had been living in lands of plenty have since been suffering from lack of sufficient food. Each change of season has brought its own problem. The American Red Cross, with the unlimited resources of the country and a hundred million people behind it anxious to relieve European suffering, was laboring in the dark not knowing how to direct its relief work.

Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross War Council, went at the problem and as a result Red Cross commissions have been dispatched to France, Russia, Rumania, Italy, and Serbia not only to gather information for the use of the Red Cross War Council in the direction of its work abroad but to take active charge of the relief work of the Society in Europe.

To this work the American Red Cross is sending her best. Major Grayson M. P. Murphy, of the Red Cross War Council, and one time Vice President of the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York heads the commission to France. Ernest P. Bicknell, for years head of the Department of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross, has gone to France to aid in civilian relief work. Col. Jefferson R. Kean, head of the Department of Military Relief and to whom credit is due for the state of preparedness which enabled the American Red Cross to send at once the necessary base hospitals to France, has gone abroad to assume personal direction of the ambulance sections.

The commissions which include trained social workers, physicians, and engineers, have sent representatives to every district in France and the other countries where need is immediate. One of the first problems which engaged the French commission's attention was the tuberculosis question. The engineers have been in consultation with Government authorities in the rebuilding of towns and municipal works during the war.

Dr. Frank Billings, of Chicago, heads the commission to suffering Russia and Poland where even sufficient ambulance service to remove the men from the front is lacking, and where the suffering has been intensified by internal troubles. Mr. George Franklin Baker, Jr., Vice President of the First National Bank of New York, is now in Italy at the head of a Red Cross commission organizing relief work among the Italians.

Henry W. Anderson, formerly state director for Virginia and a prominent Richmond attorney versed in Red Cross work, has been placed in charge of the Red Cross commission to Rumania, and A. C. Severance is the newly appointed commissioner to Serbia, whose scars from three previous wars had not had time to heal before the country became a principal in the present conflict.

"For the commission to Serbia, as for those sent to France, Russia, Italy, and Rumania, the Red Cross War Council has been unusually fortunate in obtaining the service of some of the leading health and sanitary authorities of the country," said the chairman of the Red Cross War Council. "No finer record will be written in this war than of these men who have gone forth under the Red Cross to carry aid and encouragement to those countries which for three years have been feeling the heavy brunt of war."

No appropriations for use in any country will be made until after investigation, and all except emergency appropriations will be made by the War Council for specific purposes and in specified amounts.

It is also the policy of the War Council to withhold any very large expenditures abroad

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until it is made certain that every necessary provision has been made to take care of our own soldiers and sailors.

Appropriations as authorized will as far as feasible be made public immediately, and frequent statements will summarize the expenditures and set forth the condition of Red Cross finances.

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MAJOR GRAYSON M. P MURPHY
The member of the War Council at the head of the Red Cross Commission in France

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Photograph from Paul Thompson

MR. HARVEY D. GIBSON

Who, as General Manager of the Red Cross, will direct and consolidate the energies of the chapters throughout the country

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THE ORGANIZATION OF THE RED CROSS

The Departments of the Organization. The Thirteen Divisions and the Territory of Each

BY

HARVEY D. GIBSON

(General Manager, American Red Cross)

WITH the tremendous expansion in the scope of the activities of the Red Cross which followed our entrance into the War, the development of an organization adequate to meet the ever-pressing demands being made upon it became imperative. The task confronting the War Council of the Red Cross several months ago was a great one, there were so many problems of relief abroad as well as at home to be met immediately.

Thousands of doctors, nurses, orderlies, and inspectors had to be mobilized for hospital work. Ambulances by the thousands had to be provided and ambulance sections formed. Millions of pounds of surgical dressings and other hospital supplies had to be bought, prepared, and transported abroad. There were the families of men in National Service whose welfare and standards of health and education would have to be looked after. Red Cross officials also had hopes of heartening our afflicted Allies on the other side by meeting their more urgent needs. These were only a few of the problems.

In building up this organization affecting millions of people and carrying with it the public trust of over a hundred million dollars, the Red Cross has introduced no novel business methods. The structure of this operating organization, developed since the outbreak of the War, is identical with that of any large business house having thousands of scattered branches and serving millions of people.

The internal structure of the present Red Cross provides for the division of the country into thirteen sections. Each division has its manager, who is the operating head of the division and carries out all activities that may originate at headquarters. Each division also has a Director of Development, who is responsible to the Division Manager for the proper operation of every chapter in his division. It falls to the lot of this Division Director of Development to see that the chapters in his division make monthly reports to the Division Manager. From these reports the financial condition of every chapter and the purposes for which the funds have been expended can be determined at any time.

At National Headquarters the different departments of the Red Cross have been separated into eight staff bureaus under the following heads: Military Relief, Civilian Relief, Nursing Service, Transportation and Supply Service, Standards, Chapter Development, Women's Work, and Publicity. The directors of these divisional bureaus have been selected with the utmost care and in every instance are experts in the particular work for which they have been selected.

At the head of the Bureau of Military Relief is John D. Ryan, President of the Anaconda Copper Company and one of the biggest business men in the United States to-day. Through this Bureau the Red Cross will follow our soldiers to the front and our sailors on the high seas rendering to them all the physical and mental comforts possible.

W. Frank Persons, for years associated with the Charity Organization Society of New York, has been placed at the head of the Bureau of Civilian Relief. Mr. Persons has spent his life in the study of civilian relief and is familiar with social service work in all its phases. The Bureau will look after the comfort and welfare of the families of soldiers and sailors in national service.

The Department of Standards is really the commercial engineering department of the Red Cross and will standardize all its practices. A standardized accounting system

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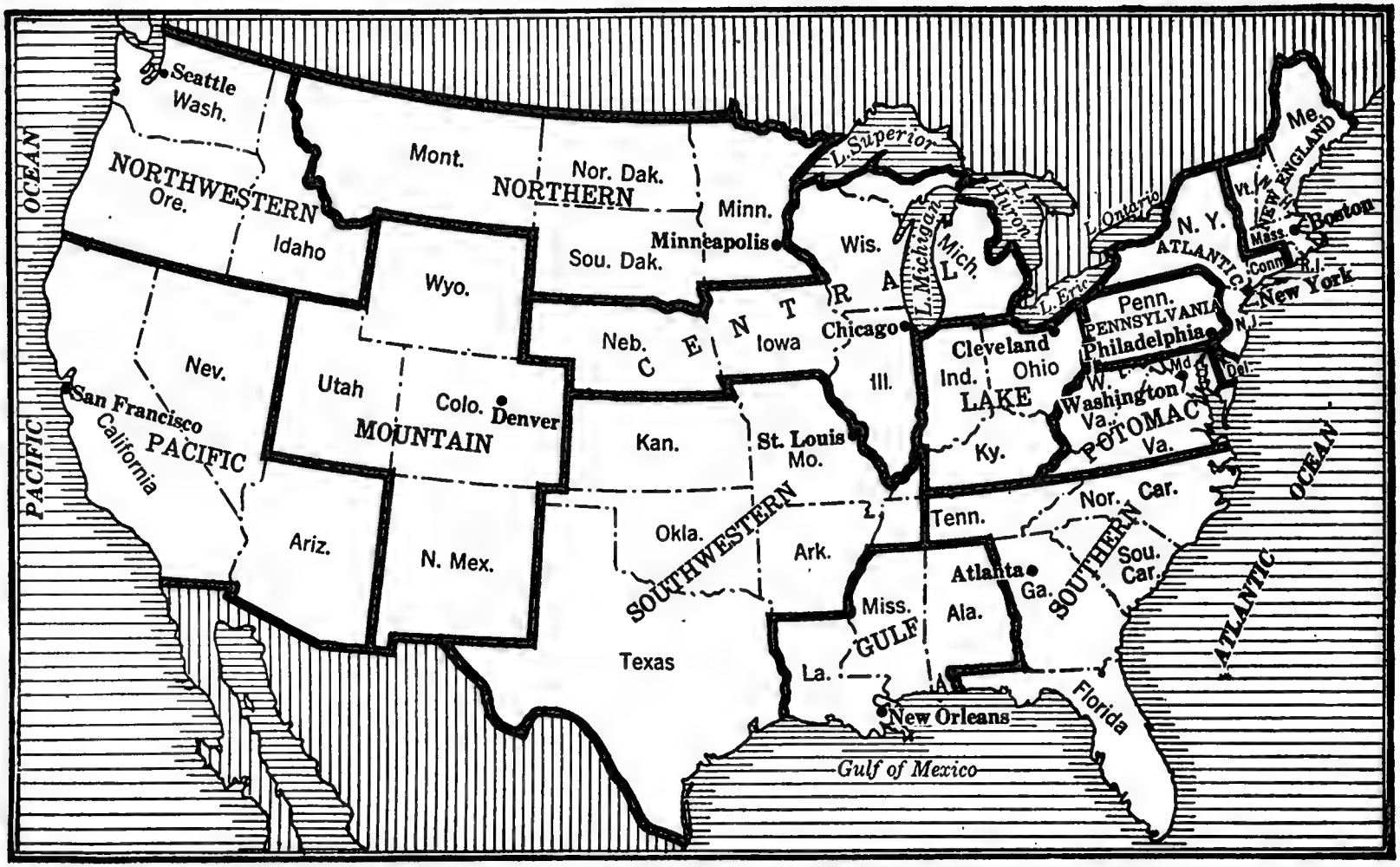

THE DIVISIONS OF THE RED CROSS

For the purpose of a greater efficiency, the United States has been divided into thirteen working divisions of the Red Cross. At the head of each division is a manager, with headquarters in a large city, who controls the affairs of the division

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has been provided for all chapters. Every new activity suggested by any chapter is referred to this department to be analyzed with a view to finding out whether it will be practical to be put into operation by all the chapters. This is the "thought department" of the operating organization.

Frederick P. Small, Assistant to the President of the American Express Company, is directing the work of this department. He is a man who has had broad experience, not only with respect to the proper analysis of business propositions, but what is of more importance to the Red Cross, in the study of whether or not such propositions are practical for a large number of offices scattered throughout the country to carry out.

The Bureau of Development takes the place of the Department of Chapters which has been abolished. Its particular function is the organization of new chapters and of putting into operation through the divisional departments all new plans for chapter activities.

At the head of the Bureau of Development is Samuel Greer, Commercial Superintendent of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. The Bureau of Supplies and Transportation is in charge of Frank B. Gifford, Delos W. Cooke, and J. Rogers Flannery. Mr. Gifford, who, for the past fifteen years, has been director of purchases for the Armour Company, of Chicago, has charge of the purchase of all supplies for the American Red Cross, which will this year run into many millions. Mr. Cooke, Vice President of the Erie Railway Company, who has direction of transportation for the bureau, is faced with the difficult problem of securing sufficient tonnage for shipments abroad. The complete mobilization of the bureau has just been effected by Mr. Flannery, a prominent business man of Pittsburgh, and the machinery perfected for the quick and economic distribution of raw material and the assembly of surgical dressings and hospital supplies made by Red Cross workers throughout the country. The buying of all Red Cross supplies will be centralized in this department. Each divisional warehouse will be required to keep a ninety day supply of all raw materials on hand. Through the chapters these supplies will be furnished to the women of the country at a reasonable cost to be made up into finished articles such as hospital garments, surgical dressings, and knitted articles. These finished articles will be returned to the warehouses where they will be inspected, sorted, packed, and forwarded in standard lots to the Red Cross shipping depots throughout the country.

Special transportation facilities, superior to those of any other agencies in the country, are available for the immediate transporting of these supplies to their destinations.

Directing the work in the Women's Bureau is Miss Florence Marshall, formerly principal of the Manhattan Trade School of New York. The function of this Bureau is to mobilize the women of the country into Red Cross service and to prepare instructions to Red Cross workers.

The structure of the operating organization has been thought out with a great deal of care and has been designed with the idea, first and foremost, of having the Red Cross operate harmoniously, each department with the other, and in a manner to make it possible every month to render complete reports to the War Council of the operations of the Red Cross as a whole.

The decentralization of the responsibility from the Washington headquarters to the divisions has been carried to a degree which has greatly facilitated the workings of the internal machinery of the Red Cross and which has reduced the number of paid employees at the National Headquarters by several hundred. To reduce operating expenses divisional managers have in many cases arranged with large business concerns for the use of their clerks without expense to the Red Cross.

To keep the people of the various divisions familiar with the plans and activities of the Red Cross a conference of all divisional managers will be held once a month, whenever possible, in Washingon.

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IN DARKEST AFRICA

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

THE traveler in the wilder portions of Africa is forced (by circumstances) into a certain amount of medical practice. He is responsible for the health and well-being of the many men in his immediate employ; and, in addition, the reputation of the white man's medicine is such that from the surrounding tribes people with all degrees of real and imaginary ailments come to him for treatment. Generally he adopts the system of having sick call at a certain hour every evening. To him for treatment at that time come all ills. Fortunately these ills are generally to be divided into three classes —those dealing with congestions, such as colds, bronchitis, and pneumonia; those having to do with the results of too much eating or the eating of putrified food; and the ordinary African jungle malarial fever. In the first instance quinine is the palliative, in the second a triple dose of Epsom Salts, in the third quinine and phenacetin. Surgical cases need only to be treated with reasonable antiseptics to bring very early and very gratifying cures among this healthy fresh people.

But the scientific part of the medical treatment is but a very small proportion of what is needed. The native is reached more through his mind than through his body. It is a well known fact that once a native decides he is going to die, nothing on earth can save him. Therefore the white man, to be effective, must also be impressive. The minute dose of the actual drug must be supplemented by something that will reach the patient's belief. When called upon to administer the aforesaid Epsom Salts, I used them merely as the basis for a drink composed of the Epsom Salts, Worcestershire Sauce, Chutney, red pepper, soda water, permanganate to make it pink, and any other lively and harmless ingredient that might lie handy. This mess I insisted should be drunk down at one gulp. The patient, tears running down his cheeks, would acknowledge that it was most magnificent medicine and go away feeling fully confident of an early cure. Indeed, once I was visited by a very gorgeous native chief, who described accurately the symptoms of having eaten too much bad food. I gave him the usual dope, he downed it with tears of gratitude and otherwise, after which he informed me grandly that he had really nothing the matter with him but it seemed a fine chance to get some of the white man's medicine!

Naturally among the lazy of one's outfit there were many who pretended sick in order to get off carrying loads. To them the clinical thermometer was a terror. Of course in describing their imaginary symptoms they hit invariably upon those they had been most familiar with by past experience. Therefore they generally described to me the symptoms of malarial fever. The production of the clinical thermometer generally scared them out, for it was an infallible test, naturally, of this complaint. In time they came to look on it as a "lie detector," so that by merely producing it, I was enabled to get at the truth of things utterly unrelated to medical science.

The cases brought in from the neighboring tribes were often so numerous that one could do little but provide them with a solution of permanganate and advise bathing as often as possible with it. The native frequently has badly infected sores on the body or limbs. These yield very quickly to any reasonable cleanliness so that cures are often apparently miraculous. So profound in consequence is their faith in the white man's powers that when hopeless cases are brought in, it is exceedingly difficult to adopt the proper attitude. One does not wish to lose his prestige; and yet one hates to hold out false promises. The diplomatic and sometimes the only feasible method in such cases is to impose frankly impossible conditions, thus throwing the burden of failure on the patient himself. This seems rather cruel but in the circumstances it is the only course possible.

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OUT OF THE DEPTHS

A Visit To a British Submarine—Life Aboard the Underwater Craft—Some Exploits Against the Germans

BY

LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I WAS at the East Coast Naval Base whence I had journeyed from London. As far as the eye could penetrate there were ships, and beyond that one knew there were still more ships; ships of many classes and multifarious duties. Patrol boats, mine-sweepers, destroyers, cruisers, merchantmen—they came from their work, went to their work, or—anchored in stream or moored alongside quay—merely rested. Landward the dark hulls were silhouetted sharp and clear against the sun-bright water; seaward, where they passed into the fog-bank, the images grew distorted and indistinct like the figures on a wind-stirred hanging of ancient tapestry.

I had watched a pair of mine-sweepers steering in zigzag parallels down the fore-front of the fog, the homeward flight of a fleet of relieved patrol boats, the even procession of a long line of returning destroyers, and the swift circlings of a squadron of maneuvering seaplanes, before my attention was attracted to a fresh apparition that took shape in the mist and came gliding in toward the bar. Nothing more than a railed box, sliding slowly but steadily across the smooth sea, it seemed at first only a small target being towed, or a renegade buoy being put in its proper place. Then a ripple of white wave curling off well in advance of the box gave sure indication of the existence of a considerable length of hull, and I realized that the strange thing I had been watching was a submarine—doubtless the one I was to meet—coming home to roost.

Even well inside the narrow harbor the illusion of the "dirigible railed box" persisted, and it was not until the homecoming diver was almost berthed against the outermost of the half dozen of her sisters already moored alongside the station ship that I discovered the strange effect was due largely to the remarkable protective coloring which had—to my unpractised eye at least—rendered the really considerable expanse of unsubmerged hull practically indistinguishable at any distance from the rippling seas that lapped about it.

The naval officer to whom I had reported—doubtless advised by wireless—had confided to me already that the boat I was about to board was not coming in from its hunt with "scalps at its belt," but to the little line of women—apparently wives and sweethearts of the crew who had managed to pass the triple guard of police and marines at the gate of the quay—no "advance bulletin" had been issued, and among them was evident the same air of expectancy that animates fisher folk crowding down to welcome a returning trawler, all eagerness to learn what the catch for the voyage has been.

"Hi knows wot's 'appened the minit Bill pops 'is 'ead out o' the 'ole," said a buxom matron who held a sailor-suited youngster by either hand. "Hif they's dropped a slug inter some 'Un 'ooker 'e ailus bobs up a grinnin', an' Hi knows 'e'll be a takin' me an' the nippers to the pictur's ev'ry nite 'e's 'ome. Aw, no 'ope! Face like a harpuned skate. No——"

I passed out of hearing at this juncture, down a greasy steel ladder, but it was evident that Bill had not "bobbed up a grinnin'," and that the picture palace prospects had gone down by the run.

But if there was not elation apparent in the faces of the men of the returning submarine, neither was there depression. I could readily conceive how some brilliant stroke executed off somewhere behind that hovering fog-bank might indeed have brought them home "a grinnin'," but the indefinite postponement of that success—and there must be many a

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"hope deferred" in that under-sea hunting game—was evidently considered, by the men themselves, nothing to be bowed down about.

A right hearty lot of sailor lads they were, these men just up from the depths. I only wish that the individual who first wrote of the "waxen, deathlike submarine pallor" could have seen them. "'Ow yer feelin' 'Arry?" sang out a voice from the quay, and the ready answer, "Full o' beans as ev'r, Maggie," might well have been shouted in chorus if looks went for anything.

THE SAILORS ARE HEALTHY

"There's no reason they shouldn't look well," said the officer with me, as we paused for a moment to watch some of the men putting a few "snugging" touches on the gun and folding a wireless mast. "They're all volunteers in the first place, and, on top of that, are carefully 'combed' to eliminate any 'heart' or 'nerve,' or any other kind of cases likely to be affected by underwater work. A large proportion of them do not drink or smoke at all, and for those that do, the whole voyage (save for an occasional tot of rum) is a 'closed season.' Most of them actually build up under it, and if there is any running down you can be fairly sure that it occurs in the periods of relaxation at home between voyages. 'Submarine pallor!' Perhaps the Germans have it, because we keep them under water a good deal more than they do us. But just look at the color of these chaps! If you couldn't almost see the health blood behind that ruddiness you'd swear they worked in a brewery or owned a 'pub.'"

"The best way to think of a submarine," the commander told me, "is as a sort of glorified torpedo. The comparison holds good both as to shape and as to the amount of 'wheels' packed into it. A rat bears about the same relation to a man in size as a torpedo does to a submarine. Well, a rat would find just about as much room to scramble about in a torpedo as a man can in a submarine."

We slipped through the narrow man-hole—no really fat man could have entered it—and reached the steel grill of the main deck. "Not exactly roomy, you wouldn't call it," chuckled the Captain, grinning sympathetically at me where I stood with my head drawn in between my shoulders. "I hope that torpedo propeller didn't cut through your scalp. The blades are a bit sharp, I'm afraid; but that velour of yours looks tough, and a little petrol will take the grease out of it. One gets used to going about with a triple reef in his neck after a while, but in the interim—especially if he chances to be more than six feet, as I am—he is bound to gather some impressions (I use the term in a physical sense) that only time can efface. I'm seriously thinking of recommending to the Admiralty that all men more than five feet-eight who volunteer for submarine service should be given a month's preliminary training on a dummy boat fitted with padded 'wheels.'"

Here and there in the single narrow passage down the middle of the ship there were places where one could stand upright. These were restricted little "havens," however, and more than offset by the numerous places where low-hanging or outreaching cocks, stops, switches, levers, pipes, and projections of countless descriptions kept him ducking or dodging at every step. One high obstruction amidships that had to be crawled over on hands and knees must have been a very awkward thing for an oil-skinned and sea-booted man to negotiate in rough weather.

For saloons, cabins, bathrooms, or even the bunks of an ordinary "foc'sl," I looked in vain. That single wheel-festooned alley was all these things; also stokehold, engine-room, galley, pantry, hospital, wardroom, quarter-deck, lookout, bridge, fighting-top, and everything else that the landsman expects to find on a warship. A little abaft the beam a couple of mahogany drawers held the beds of the captain and lieutenant. The navigating officer had to put up with a canvas stretcher. Opposite the pull-out beds was a folding table large enough to hold a chart. A dozen books—two or three technical, several novels, and a couple of volumes of verse—made up the "ship's library." The wireless room and lavatory, each about the size of an ordinary telephone booth, were the only enclosed spaces for even temporary human occupation. Further aft several tiers of lockers marked the quarters of the crew. The lockers held their kits, and they slept on the steel deck. The cooking was done (when there was plenty of "juice" in reserve) on an electric range; at other times meals were cold

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lunches. That was the sum total of what this most modern of submarines offered in the way of comforts. Below were the batteries; above and about were the "wheels."

"Doesn't it get on the men's nerves," I asked, "the restricted space, the lack of exercise, the artificial light, the heavy air, the 'general propinquity'? One would think that they'd be at each others' throats by the end of a cruise."

"Quite the contrary," was the prompt reply. "I—and other submarine commanders will tell you the same thing—have never found a heartier spirit among 'surface' sailors than has been manifested by all the men with whom I have sailed beneath the sea. In regular routine we are up every night to 'breathe,' and the air has little chance to go bad in the short spells under water. Those who wish can smoke while we are on the surface."

SUBMARINE NAVIGATORS ON SHORE LEAVE

My visit to the submarine over, the Captain took me to the station ship to remove grease. For an hour after that I sat in the wardroom listening to a dozen or more submarine officers—most of whom had been threading the mine-fields of Germany's "wet triangle" within the week—talking on politics, sport, amusements, war economics, military strategy, eugenics, and a number of other things, among which, however, was not undersea work. This was no more than I had expected, for I had had my troubles before in making the British sea-dog bark. I knew there was nothing to do—to alter the metaphor—but to keep casting and changing my flies until some one of them was lured to a rise.

It was a chance cast—a minnow gulped after a "Coachman" had been disdained—that brought them in the end, though even then to no great purpose. I had heard British soldiers, sailors, and, especially, airmen pay warm tribute to certain of their respective adversaries, and was the more interested, therefore, to hear what British "submariners" thought of German "Unterseeboot-men." So abandoning my futile "subtlety," I waited for a favorable moment, and then bluntly demanded to know of the gathering in general how they rated the "U-boat" work of the enemy. Save that it was not rhythmic, the chorused response might have been an American college yell. "Rotten!" they cried, "rotten!" and forthwith started to tell me and each other just why no other term could be used to express their contempt for a branch of activity which the enemy had long come to regard as the top note in "Deutschland Über Alles."

"Do you think we'd have ever quit cold, like they have in the North Sea, while there was a thousand-mile target like that hung up for us every day and every night? We have to nose round among their mines for a month before finding anything to loose a slug at. But look what they've got. My hat, but they're——" he paused for a moment, seeking for a word that would fit a foe who would funk a target "like that," and then fell back on the old standby—"they're just rotten, that's all."

There was only one of them who did not voice his contempt for the work of the U-boats and he was but freshly back from the Mediterranean, where the naval net thrown out for submarines was necessarily of a wider mesh than that of the North Sea. They were getting them in hand down there, he said, but, "really, it was a bit pathetic to hear one of them come up at night and send out its wireless call for some other U-boat we'd taken or sunk during the day. The calling would go on all night without any answer coming, just like a bird piping for its dead mate. A chap couldn't help being just a bit sorry for it, calling out there all alone in the dark."

A MODEST HERO

At this juncture an unassuming young officer entered, nodded a casual greeting, and asked something about the time of the arrival of the next train in London and whether or not the new Revue at the C—— was worth wasting an evening on. He would have liked, I fancied, to have sat down over a cup of tea and looked at the pictures in the latest illustrated weeklies, several of which he had picked up on entering, but the not entirely repressed wave of interest which swept over the company seemed to make him nervous. Shortly, at any rate, muttering something about his luggage, he sauntered out.

Captain X—— waited until the conversation had become general again, and then leaned over and spoke in a low aside. "Three days

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ago," he said, "that chap put in one of the busiest mornings, and accomplished one of the smartest bits of work, that has fallen to the lot of any submarine commander in this war. *He's* the man you want to get hold of, and I'll tell you how to do it. He's taking the next train for London. If you've seen all you want here, pack up and go back with him. I'll introduce you and tell him you've got the Admiralty's 'O. K.', and it may be you can get him to talk a bit. It's only a chance, but well worth trying; for there's been no sweeter bit of underwater action than this recent one of his since the war began."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"Put two torpedoes into, and probably sank, a German battleship that was being convoyed all the time by about five destroyers. Nobody but a submarine sailor can fully appreciate just what that means. He had the chance of his lifetime, and he made the most of it."

"So will I," I cut in. "Lock me in the compartment with him, and I'll make the most of *my* chance."

By the time I had thrown my things together and rushed to the platform, the train was just pulling out. Captain X—— met me at the gate. "Your man's in the first compartment of the fourth carriage," he said, hustling me into the last open door. "You can get along there through the passage. I told him you were after him, and he'll doubtless be prepared for you. Good luck."

In the "first compartment of the fourth car," I did indeed find a naval officer. He was a very pleasant appearing chap; in fact he was even smiling broadly, as though immensely amused about something when I entered. "Are you Commander Y——?" I asked eagerly; "if so——" "I'm sorry to say I'm not," he interrupted, still smiling. "Y—— went back to get something he had forgotten, and I'm afraid he's missed the train. Captain X—— told Y—— you were after him, and I rather suspect that had something to do with his remembering what he had forgotten." So I was forced to rely upon material from another, but "unimpeachable source"—that of a subordinate of the memorable cruise in the North Sea.

The submarine in question sailed from its base and arrived at its "billet"—the term for a certain area of sea to be covered—without incident. For a day or two nothing was sighted but an occasional Dutch merchantman. The early morning of her third or fourth day out was bright and starry, with occasional light clouds and a waning moon. For night time, the visibility was unusually high. The boat, as was usual at night, was proceeding under her gas engines on the surface, charging batteries and "air groups" for her undersea work of the coming hours of day. Suddenly the indistinct outlines of what appeared to be light cruisers crossed her bows, but, knowing that such craft almost invariably heralded the approach of bigger game, her commander "held his fire" and waited.

TRUE BRITISH PERSISTENCE

Presently a duskier blackness on one of his bows indicated heavy smoke, and shortly out of this the blurred but unmistakable images of a line of battle-cruisers took shape. For the purpose of better vision, the submarine took the chance of remaining on the surface, trusting to the darkness to obscure her until the enemy were in effective range. Her temerity was all but fatal, for at the very instant she launched a torpedo at the leading cruiser—now at a distance of only 800 yards—the latter discovered and opened fire upon the submarine.

The sea in the vicinity of the submarine of a sudden had become an expanse of tossing spray-geysers, and she literally had to dive for her life—so quickly, indeed, did she submerge that certain things that are generally deemed essential to successful submergence could not be done. The consequence was that she got temporarily out of control and wouldn't stop diving until she hit bottom at—perhaps it would not do to say just how deep, but certainly many fathoms farther down than any commander would ever take a submarine if he could help it. The wonder was that she didn't pile up all in a heap. There hadn't been time to close certain places, with the result that the tremendous pressure of the deep water was being exerted upon things it was never intended should feel such a force. Besides, the jolt from the bottom—since a submarine is not, like an airplane, equipped

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with wheels for "coming to earth"— might well have sprung or started something that would have opened the way for the whole North Sea to come in. But she "weathered" it—pressure, bottom, and all—and within a quarter of an hour was heading up toward the surface and "adjusting trim." (What became of the battle-cruisers and that first torpedo I have not been told).

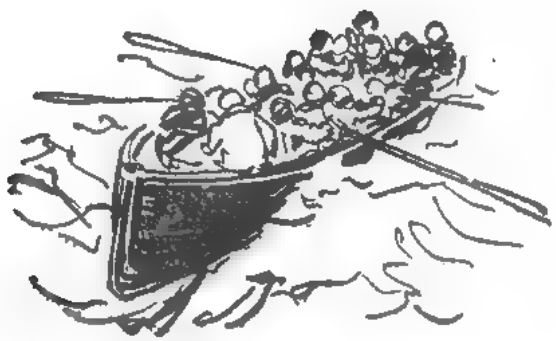
While proceeding along the surface a half hour later smoke was sighted again. It was now too light to expect to escape risk of discovery above water; so she dived, and, doubtless through the periscope, it was discovered that the bituminous smudge on the horizon came from a squadron of eight battleships, under the escort of Zeppelins and destroyers. The latter were disposed two to a ship, several cable's lengths off the bows of each. There was just time to reload the empty tube, and to launch back and test the torpedoes which might well have been damaged by the heavy pressure to which they had been subjected, before the battleships came into as favorable a range as was likely to be obtained. The distance was great, however, and the torpedo that was sent to bridge it missed its mark.

THE LUCKY SHOT

Immediately after firing, the submarine went about to attack a second battleship squadron which, in formation similar to the first, was observed to be approaching. This time it proved possible to get within better range and, as a consequence, one of the two torpedoes launched simultaneously at the leading ship went home to its mark. Even as she dove deep for safety, the "knocking" thud of the detonating gun-cotton was audible within the submarine.

Within five minutes the screws of scouting destroyers could be heard threshing about overhead, but presently the ominous sound died away. A cautiously raised periscope revealed the stricken quarry, abandoned by her seven sisters, proceeding at reduced speed and with a heavy list to starboard. It was now screened by five destroyers, two on each bow, one dead ahead. It steered in sharp right-angle zigzags, the destroyers maneuvering with it. Hanging on to its prey, the submarine discharged two more torpedoes at a range of less than a mile, before diving deep again to avoid the destroyers. A tentative peep through the periscope a quarter of an hour later revealed the battleship deep in the water, with the destroyers standing in close, like so many pallbearers.

Although no more torpedoes were fired two more explosions—thirty seconds apart, the last muffled as though from deep in the bowels of a ship—were distinctly heard aboard the submarine and this is a sample reason why the British naval men have contempt for the German's inability to follow up a difficult prey.



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DRUM TAPS

BY

WALT WHITMAN

Some fifty years ago the United States was in the throes of civil war. The youth of the country had cheerfully laid down its life that the Nation might live. Throughout this period Walt Whitman sang of the fray; of the noise of battle; of the hopes and fears of the men; and of the promises for the future. To-day, when the United States is engaged in an even greater struggle for humanity, his verses are so singularly appropriate that we herewith reproduce some of the most stirring ones.—THE EDITORS.

FULL OF LIFE NOW

Full of life now, compact, visible,
I, forty years old the eighty-third year of the States,
To one a century hence or any number of centuries hence,
To you yet unborn these, seeking you.

When you read these I that was visible am become invisible,
Now it is you, compact, visible, realizing my poems, seeking me,
Fancying how happy you were if I could be with you and become your comrade;
Be it as if I were with you. (Be not too certain but I am now with you.)

LONG, TOO LONG AMERICA

Long, too long America,
Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,
But now, ah now, to learn from cries of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en-masse really are,
(For who except myself has yet conceiv'd what your children en-masse really are?)

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie waiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

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CITY OF SHIPS

City of ships!
(O the black ships! O the fierce ships!
O the beautiful sharp-bow'd steam-ships and sail-ships!)
City of the world! (for all races are here,
All the lands of the earth make contributions here;)
City of the sea! city of hurried and glittering tides!
City whose gleeful tides continually rush or recede, whirling in and out with eddies and foam!
City of wharves and stores—city of tall façades of marble and iron!
Proud and passionate city—mettlesome, mad, extravagant city!
Spring up O city—not for peace alone, but be indeed yourself, warlike!
Fear not—submit to no models but your own O city!
Behold me—incarnate me as I have incarnated you!
I have rejected nothing you offer'd me—whom you adopted I have adopted,
Good or bad I never question you—I love all —I do not condemn any thing,
I chant and celebrate all that is yours—yet peace no more,
In peace I chanted peace, but now the drum of war is mine,
War, red war is my song through your streets, O city!

HOW SOLEMN AS ONE BY ONE

How solemn as one by one,
As the ranks returning worn and sweaty, as the men file by where I stand,
As the faces the masks appear, as I glance at the faces studying the masks,
(As I glance upward out of this page studying you, dear friend, whoever you are,)
How solemn the thought of my whispering soul to each in the ranks, and to you,
I see behind each mask that wonder a kindred soul,
O the bullet could never kill what you really are, dear friend,
Nor the bayonet stab what you really are;
The soul! yourself I see, great as any, good as the best,
Waiting secure and content, which the bullet could never kill,
Nor the bayonet stab O friend.

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GIANT STRIDES IN THE AIR

The Remarkable Development of Aircraft Since the Start of the War—Its Promise of Future Commercial Achievements

BY

GROVER C. LOENING, B. SC., A. M., C. E.

[Mr. Loening was formerly chief aëronautical engineer of the United States Army and is the author of "Military Aeroplanes," the official text-book used by the British in the training of aviators. He recently returned from an extended tour of inspection in England.—THE EDITORS.]

WAR is not all devastation, and even in its horrible destruction of life and property there may be found distinct developments of great benefit to civilization. In no instance is this more obvious than in the impetus given to the progress of aviation.

Humanity is being driven into the air by sheer force of circumstances against its will—that obstinate will which refuses at first to recognize progress, and later hesitates as long as possible to accept it. The development of aviation after the war is already attracting the imagination of sane and conservative men. But it took the war in all its brutality and ruthlessness to give aviation the chance to prove itself.

A visit to Europe at the present time, has one very noticeable effect on practically all who are fortunate enough to go there—and that is a lesson on the matter-of-factness of aviation. Thousands of aviators are to be found in Europe; and in England, in particular, every other officer seems to be in the Flying Corps, their families and friends have been educated to aviation, the public has been educated by the frequent sights of British airplanes in the air, travelling to and from the Front—the amazement that a machine formerly excited is rapidly disappearing, and with it the romance and hero-worship of the aviator.

Under the stress of war, Europe has developed airplanes that give most remarkable performances, and that have proven to be reliable and durable in service. As many airplanes as possible are being turned out, and it is regrettable that a strict censorship prohibits the publication of actual figures. But this much can be said, the number of airplanes turned out is not nearly a quarter as many as are actually required!

It was the writer's good fortune to be able to visit quite recently most of the prominent British factories and many of the British schools, and air stations. And while England may be accused of having been backward in many branches of war activity, the British have taken to the air like the proverbial duck to water. The young Briton, a sportsman by inheritance, is the ideal aviator—calm, self-collected, not easily "funked," and with that peculiar initiative and quick judgment which marks the super-airman. The youth of the prominent British aviators is surprising; it is a pity that the *esprit de corps* of the British Air Service, which does not countenance the publishing of individual names, should rob the world of the stories of the intensely dramatic and interesting careers of the many seventeen year old boys who have been of such value to their country. And superior to this youthful army of enthusiastic heroes, are the older and experienced men whose hard-headed judgment and conscientious efforts have in three years developed the air service to its present great magnitude, against engineering difficulties and Governmental obstacles of formidable proportions.

I have met many typical British airmen, young and old, and their enthusiasm for the new art of flying not only speeds up the work of the war, but is going to lead to a commercial development afterward of unimagined proportions. The thousands of active,

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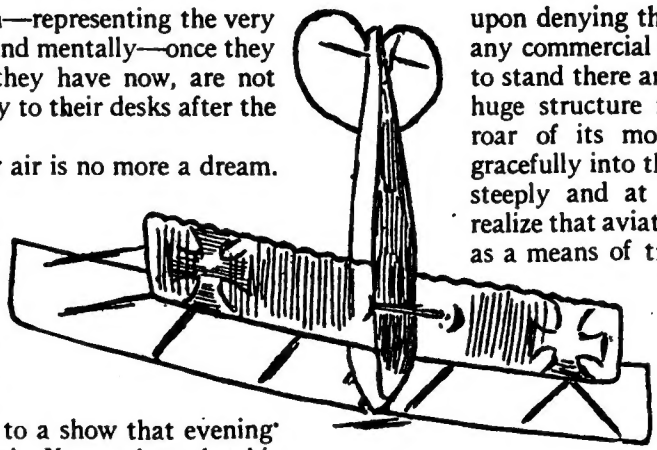
intelligent young men—representing the very best type physically and mentally—once they have the "bug" as they have now, are not going to return meekly to their desks after the war is ended.

London to Paris by air is no more a dream. It is a common fact of daily occurrence. I was breakfasting one morning at the Royal Aëro Club with Captain X—— of the Flying Corps, and we arranged to dine together and go to a show that evening. After breakfast Captain X—— glanced at his watch, said he must hurry to Hendon where his machine was waiting for him as he had an engagement in Paris, and had to visit some airdromes in France. Naturally I remarked that this was too bad, and that we would postpone our engagement to some other evening. "Why no," said he, "I will meet you as planned," and off he started. At six-thirty that same evening Captain X—— and I met at the Club very promptly. In the most matter of fact manner he had been to Paris, had visited his airdromes, had experienced—to him—a rather uneventful day, and all in all had been rather bored by the trip. We had a pleasant evening, and the next day I learned that he had flown across England to his station.



On another occasion, I saw one of the great British cargo-carrying airplanes, weighing three tons, and transporting, in addition, two and a half tons of actual load, start off from an airdrome near London on a trip to Rome via Paris and Pau. For military reasons the machine carried an extensive equipment, but a little less than two years ago the imagination of even an aviation enthusiast would have been staggered by what this equipment consisted of. In its enormous body containing several cabins, engine room, bomb carrying chamber, etc., was stored a various equipment consisting of a complete spare 300 horsepower motor, motorcycles, trunks, cots, tents, and all manner of luggage and military equipment for a crew of six men, spare propellers, spare rudders, spare parts for the motors, ladders for rigging, and the like.

The most conservative old-timer intent upon denying that aviation has any commercial future, had but to stand there and see this great huge structure respond to the roar of its motors by sliding gracefully into the air, climbing steeply and at high speed, to realize that aviation's real future as a means of transportation is not at all unlikely to exceed the magnitude of to-day's steamship and railroad travel.

And bear in mind for the development of these marvels we largely have to thank—the war.

Slowly but surely, the British navy is emerging from the water and taking to the air, and few people realize the significance of the fact that the personnel of the British Air Services of to-day all added together is greater than the personnel of the British navy of the seas. The "navy that flies" has done great work, particularly because in the use of seaplanes and flying boats, there have been much greater engineering difficulties than in the development of land machines. Anything done to the airplane to make it seaworthy, of necessity makes it heavy and more cumbersome, ruining its qualities as a flying machine. The actual coöperation of the air service with the fleet is still in an undeveloped state, but with an initiative that we, also, should cultivate, the British and French Air Services are developing and experimenting with every possible type of airship and airplane, with a view to determining once and for all exactly what the limitations of the air service are with respect to real naval work.

The British have lately had the greatest success with their huge flying boats carrying a ton of bombs or torpedoes, and capable of long endurance flights. The bigger these craft are, the more seaworthy they become. And one of the most interesting of the writer's experiences abroad was a visit to a Naval Air Station on the east coast of England, the base for a fleet of these huge craft. Astonished at first at their large

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size, after examining their intricate mechanism, and walking all over them inside and out, one readily becomes accustomed to their proportions.

And so it was that after viewing these craft and walking through their shed, one was surprised to find a very small type of twin engine flying boat used for training, which appeared to be a toy alongside of the new developments. And yet, these small craft were the duplicates of that very famous flying boat the *America* which about two or three years ago was the astonishment of the aviation world, due to its enormous size, weight, and power.

SPOTTERS OF THE AIR

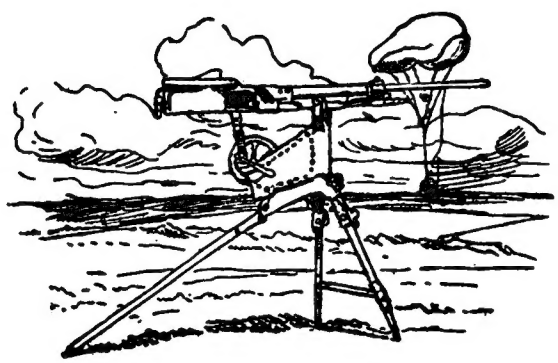
Practically all naval gunnery is based essentially on the principle of spotting fire. And this means that airplanes, to be useful as spotters, must be able to fly with the fleet in actual combat. But the difficulties of launching seaplanes and of operating them at long enough periods in heavy weather have presented quite a problem, even to the war-inspired engineers in Europe. The Zeppelin has proven a naval scout of great value, because it had the endurance power to put to sea with the fleet. The answer to the airplane problem for naval work is seen by many experts along similar lines—that is, the construction of larger and larger airplanes until finally we have a flying boat that is as much a unit of a naval force, as the destroyer is to-day.

Let any one go to work and predict that airplanes of four or five hundred feet span are not structurally possible, proving it by sound mathematics, and, behold, a year later he is apt to be invited to fly in one. It is safe to say that the aviation engineering world has been fooled into thinking that the larger a machine is the more inefficient it becomes.

The only unfavorable quality of the big airplane in air fighting is its lack of maneuvering power, but it is still to be proven whether or not this disadvantage can be met by sufficient armament—steady gun platforms covering every possible range and shooting down the attacking fighting scout long before it has a chance to wound the battleship of the air.

THE LONG RANGE GUN

One way of curbing the submarine menace is to curb the construction of submarines by the destruction of the shipyards at which they are hatched. At present, they are far out of range of the guns. But the bomb dropping airplane is nothing less than a gun with a range of three hundred miles! Inaccurate it may be at present, but given the incentive and the time, it is certain, from the scientific progress already made, to be dropping bombs sooner or later with sufficient accuracy. Both sides have been playing at bomb raids up to now, but one or the other is going to take it seriously, and let us hope that we in particular may awake to the opportunity.



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EACH TO HIS BIT

WITHIN a very few weeks, the second call to subscribe to the Liberty Loan will be issued. Will you respond? You know that the effects of a successful administration of the war bill will be as far-reaching as any issue connected with the struggle. You know that upon its stable structure will be erected a certainty of purpose and assurance of outcome which will improve the morale of armies and of nations. You know that it will be edifying in its admirable fairness, sound calculation, and preëminent success. You are certain that it will be the safeguard of our country and, from a military point of view, our first great sweeping drive against the enemy. You know that patriotism will find no surer and more universal way of displaying its enthusiasm. And finally, you are stricken by an unescapable feeling that upon the nature of your response rests the future of your self-respect and the quality of your standing in the great surrounding world of sacrifice. It is a privilege, an opportunity, a duty: "By their gifts shall you know them." The great and vital question is: Will you be known?

The RED CROSS MAGAZINE has been asked to explain to its readers the relation of the Liberty Loan to the individual, but to the true supporter of the Red Cross such an explanation is superfluous. Perhaps, however, we are not all true supporters; that is, in possession of a sure conception of the spirit of sacrifice. A man has fifty dollars idle in the bank and turns it into a bond; a man borrows $1,000 at 2 per cent. and invests at three and a half—these will not carry the loan. The fifty-dollar man must invest two hundred, and no one must borrow. The spirit of the "widow's mite" must measure every contribution.

The reason for this is the same reason that impels one to engage in any war activity: it is a vulnerable and strategic point in the organization. It is clear that the war the United States is waging is indubitably righteous—the effects of victory will be so extensive, so stmulating, so important that they defy comprehension. They are so great that they demand unequivocally that victory must be attained. But such a war cannot be waged, such a victory cannot be enjoyed without sacrifice upon a huge scale. The average American has not yet aroused himself to the greatness of his privileges in this preponderant field. But he must—and he will!

War, quite in proportion to the magnitude of its results, is fearfully expensive. Expert economists and financiers have calculated that it will cost the United States approximately $15,000,000,000 a year to pay its bills and make the proper loans to our Allies. Of this $2,000,000,000 has already been supplied, and it is considered safe to depend upon taxes for $3,000,000,000 more. Therefore, the program denotes that $10,000,000,000 must be furnished within the remaining seven months of our first war year and arrangements made to meet a similar, or even higher, demand for several years to come. In cold and none too optimistic figures this means that every man, woman, and child should strive to lend his country about $120 a year until the end of the war. It is an enormous and stupendous fact.

This is the theory of the case. But suppose everybody attempted only to supply his stipulated quota! The result would be disastrous. There are millions absolutely unable to provide $120 a year. Yet the average must be maintained. Therefore, the "stipulated quota" becomes a variable amount measured by the degree of sacrifice involved in each particular case. Ten workmen in a track-laying gang who combine their efforts and purchase a small bond may be answering the call just as effectively as the purchaser of millions. It will be the combined eagerness of all, dominated by a supreme spirit of sacrifice, which will guarantee the success not only of the loan, but of our war, because there will be a consequent universal feeling that all hands are on deck. Learning one's ability and performing it to the limits of endurance will create such a widespread power that it will knock at the very door of the Kaiser's palace.

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A WORD FOR OUR READERS

THE wife of the Business Manager of this magazine addressed a few pertinent remarks to him the other evening.

"I became a subscribing member of the Red Cross when our local branch was organized last June. I paid my $2.00 then. It is now August and I have not yet received the magazine."

"I know hundreds of families in the same fix and all day long they write me letters——"

"So much the worse," she returned, "It is all very well for you to talk about the Magazine being the Voice of the Red Cross, telling us what surgeons and nurses and relief commissions in a dozen countries are doing; how our money is being spent and how our bandages and dressings are fighting death, etc., etc., but if it takes four months for the Voice to reach us, it is liable to die on the way."

The next day we made an investigation and found this:

1. Her subscription had been held by the local branch with many others until late in June.

2. Then it had been forwarded to the local chapter where it had been held until some time in July.

3. Then it had been forwarded to Washington, where after a few days it had

4. Finally been forwarded to us reaching us early in August, after the August issue had been mailed and the issue exhausted and a few days before the September issue was ready for mailing.

She will be among the first to receive the September issue; then perhaps, we shall have a little peace at home.

Now multiply this experience by several thousands and you may know why magaziness are delayed to subscribers. We are hoping that the Washington authorities will very shortly arrange to have the magazine subscriptions sent directly to us from the local branches and chapters. If this can be accomplished and the branch and chapter officials will forward the names promptly, we can mail the magazines from here (with rare exceptions such as in case the issue has been exhausted) within 48 hours after the receipt of the names. The value to the Red Cross organization (and to the saving of our mental equilibrium) of having subscribers receive the magazines promptly can hardly be overestimated.

JUST so long as human suffering continues, no matter what may be the cause, there will be need for the service of the Red Cross. If the war should end to-morrow there will remain the tremendously important relief work in all parts of Europe that have been devastated and the ever-recurring cases of need due to flood, famine, and other disasters in all parts of the world.

To support this relief work—to keep on spreading the gospel of service to the needy, the publishers are transforming the RED CROSS MAGAZINE—your magazine, because it is owned by the American Red Cross—into one of the most attractive and interest-commanding publications in America. It is the hope of the organization that the magazine can be made so attractive that its income will be an important factor in the support of Red Cross work.

The publishers need the help of every reader in this effort, not in the form of additional contributions of money, but in the form of service; and the service that is most needed is one that requires very little time and effort. It is simply this—to miss no opportunity to express your opinion of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE.

We want subscribers to know that the relation between the RED CROSS MAGAZINE and its advertisers, and between advertisers and readers, is the same as in the case of any important magazine. We have the same standards of acceptance, and charge practically the same rates. And, as with other periodicals, the value of this magazine to the advertiser depends upon the interest of the reader in its advertising pages.

We feel certain that our 600,000 subscribers will find these pages a suggestive and helpful record and reminder.

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